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The Dutch Lady

THE DUTCH LADY.

A Comedy.

The Scene, London.

Nihil prætermitto; consuefacio; denig;
Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atq; ex alijs sumere exemplum sibi.

Terent. in Adelphis.

THE PERSONS.

Sr. RALPH BEETL, an old, avaricious Muckworme.

JUSTINIAN AIMWELL, a learned, wise, & virtuous Gent.

JOLLY, a Bone-companion, & Favorite to ye Dutch Lady.

HOTLOVE, a Yong Gallant, enamour'd on ye Dutch Lady.

FRANC. WITHERNAM, a Lawyer, half-witted, & affecting to cant in Law-french; Nephew to Sr. Raph Beetl.

BELAR, an Apothecary, spruce, self-conceited, amorous, & affecting hard words.

DISPENSATION SURFET, a Holderforth, gluttonous, lustfull, cruel, covetuous, hypocritical.

STUM, a Vintner, excellent in sophisticating Wines, & setting them off with fine, exotique Names, & rare Dishes; in a word, the Cheat-major of his trade.

ANNER, a discreet Yong man, Servant to Aimwell.

Drawer.

Boy.

Women.

JUSCARA, the Dutch Lady.

VIOLETTA, her Woman; of an excellent Spirit, Sharp-witted, & smooth-tongued.

Mrs. TRUMAN, wife of a sequestred, & imprisond Divine of the Kings party.

LOVE-the-SAINTS, Surfets Minion.

MUSICK.

Sure, a Schismatique Spirit rules ye Age;
And, having torn ye Church, would rend ye Stage.
For, Witts (as Zelots) now are Factious grown,
Each one condemning what is not his own:
And, for no other Reason too, perhapps,
One Party Hisses what another Clapps.
Nay, Poets (like Fanatiques) thus in Warrs,
In Comique Scents fomenting Tragique Jarrs
'Gainst one another: when ye Mighty Cause
Is but ye airy Nothing of Applause;
A short-liv'd Noyse, that grates ye Ears 'oth' Wise,
And he that best Deserues, doth most Despise.
Our AUTHOR (of a quiet, peacefull Spirit,
More conscious of his Errors, than his Merit)
Reflecting upon this, hath studied long,
What I should say to this judicious Throng.
And knowing, yt Excuses wont avail,
To sweeten Censure, when his Witt shall fail;
That ye Fate of all Comedies doth rest
Less in their Worth, than ye Spectators Breast;
That Many come with Prejudice, of late,
To shew, not Judgement, but their Love, or Hate;
As if ye Theatre were Passions room,
Where They, Excluding Reason, sit, & doom:
At length, He bade me say, This PLAY was meant,
As no grave Task, but light Divertisement,
First to Himself, & afterward to You;
And, therefore, He expects all Candor due.

To Recreative Follies, such as this;
Wch is ye Gaudier Folly, 'cause 'tis His.

ACT. I. Scen. 1.

The Curtain being withdrawn, AIMWELL is discovered, in a night-gown, cap, & slippers, in a posture of meditation, with Books on his table: ANNER, & the Boy attending, at convenient distance.

ANNER. AIMWELL. BOY.

ANNER. Sr. will you please to dress yourself?

Aim. Not yet.
Somwhat there is of greater consequence,
I first must doe; & untill that be done,
My Mind will be unready, & unfit
For commerce with the world. In the mean time,
Goe you, BOY, to the Temple, to the chamber
Of Mr. WITHERNAM, the Lawyer.

BOY. Him, whose assistance you did lately use
I'th business of your Composition,
For your Estate, at Haberdashers hall?

Aim. The very same. Entreat him to call here,
This morning, as he goes to Westminster:
And, if you can, bring him along with you. —
ANNER, what money have you left of that, Exit BOY.
I set apart for Charitable uses?

Ann. Sr. There are remaining yet just fourteen pounds.

Aim. Fetch me the half, & putt it in a purse. — Exit ANNER.
What is this BODY? A meer Instrument,
Or Engine made of th' Universal Matter,
As Beasts, & all things corruptible are,
And subject, by ten thousand Accidents,

To be disclos'd into the same again. —
And what my SOUL? A pure Intelligence,
That gives both Life, & Motion to that Engine,
An Essence Immaterial, & Immortal:
Wch Lodg'd awhile in these frail walls of Flesh,
Is still aspiring to Divinity,
And Heaven, from whence she was, at first, deriv'd. —
Shall I then labour to adorn the Walls
With gawdy Raggs, meer painted Rottenes;
And leave the Noble Guest naked, & rude,
Expos'd to all the injuries, that Vice,
Passion, & Ignorance can infest her with,
To th' hazard of her Happines, at Last?
No! I will make't the buisnes of my life,
To cloth her in the glorious vest of Truth,
Knowledg, & Virtue; wch alone befitts
Her exlent Nature, & sublime desires. —
And, to that End, I will, each morn, devote
An hour, or two, to Contemplation,
And reading of the Books of those Great Men,
Who teach, wherein Felicity consists,
And how, by Wisedom, it may be attaind:
And with this Book of Morals I'll begin. — The Boy returns.

Boy. I met, Sr with your Lawyer, in the Street,
And brought him with me.

Ain. Well, conduct him in. — Exit Boy.
And yet I could have wisht most heartily,
He had not come this half hour. Now must I
Abruptly break off my dear clue of thoughts,
To mix with worldly matters. ANNER returns with a purse of money.

Ann. Here's the Money. AIN. I shall dispose of't Straight.

The Boy introduceth WITHERNAM, &c. thus.

Act. 1. Scen. 11.

In this Scene, With. is habited in an old Barr-gown, & hath a great Bagg of papers in his hand.

Aimwell. Witthernam. Anner.

Aim. Now, Mr. Witthernam.

With. Noble Sr!
I am your Servant, even to Villenage,
(As we say in the Law) & doe desire,
To hold your favour from in Capite.

Aim. You doe, Sr. by as strong a Tenure, as
Any you find in Littleton.

With. I were
Felo de se, a very Parricide
Of my own interest, did I not giue you
Entire Tenancy of my best services,
Nay, the Fee simple of my Heart.

Aim. Y'are much
Too courtly for a Lawyer, Sr. methinks.
Men of your Gown most commonly are blunt,
Rough & Morose, yea sometimes Inurbane;
Especially to Clients that are Poor:
And this, least Sweetnes, & Civility
Should make them so presumptious as to omitt
Their Fees. Is it not so?

With. O! Noble Sr.
I haue ever found you bountifull & free.

An. Thin, there's the Reason of your Courtliness. aside.
Truth will breake out, sometimes against one's will.

Aim. Barring all Complements, lett's to the Cause,
that moued me to send for you, at this time.

With. Yes, pray, Sr. to the Cause. Whatere it be,

If Law, or Favour can prevail, nere doubt
Of the Event. There are (You know) but four
Judges now left; & I am neer of Kin,
One way, or other, unto three of those;
And favourite to the fourth; trusted by all;
Grac'd at the Barre; & allow'd free accesse,
At private hours.- You understand me, Sr?
Nor is there any leading Jury-man,
In Middlesex, or London, but I know him,
And he knows me. I have him at my beck.
Faith, with a whisper, I can make him wheel,
And turn his Brethren too, wch way I please,
Though't be against all Right, yea, their own Sense:
Just as the first wheel in a Jack, or Watch,
Moves all the rest. They have Sinister ends
Though Ambidexters all. You understand me, Sr?

An Ambidexter, in the sense of the Law, is a corrupt Juriman, who takes money of your dire son verdict to give his verdict.

Am. To be a Knave, he does.

Ain. I wish you would
Have patience, while I give you an account
Of the Affair, in wch I need your help.

Witty. Be't what it will, I'll warrant you success.
Aut faciam, aut inveniam; Cesar like,
If the Cause be not good, I shall find Law
Enough to make it so. I'll undertake't.

Am. Before you understand it? Sure, this Man aside.
Thus boasts his Cunning, & his Interest,
Only to wind my Master up t'a double Fee.
If so, I'll soon destroy his hope. Th' Affair
My Master would committ to your wise Care,
Is of no great importance in itself:
Nor doth it concern him, unless so far

As Charity obligeth him t' assist,
And vindicate an Innocent oppress't.
The Person whom it chiefly doth concern,
Is a Poor Man, lies groning under wrong,
And like to perish, if not soon relieved.

WITH. A poor Man? Um! & like to perish? well. He alters his confident looks, & seems displeased.
For your sake, Sr. I'll hear his Cause; please you,
To speak it in short.

AN. See, how the word, Poor Man, [aside.
Hath stopp't his mouth, & dampt his Confidence!
Nay chang'd his Tone; & Countenance!

WITH. The Case.

AIN. Is plain, & sad: ANNER, doe you recount it.

AN. About some ~~fourteen~~ eight years past, when Treason first
Was call'd Affection to the Holy Cause;
Good Subjects term'd Malignants; Sacrilege,
An act of Zeal; Rapine, Spoil, & Murder,
The Means unto a Thorow-reformation;
And Lehspit-trumpitters call'd Saints to warre.
(Members o'th true Church Militant): among
Millions that suffer'd from th' usurping Power,
A pious, learn'd, & orthodox Divine,
(A Man, in whom no other Guilt was found,
But Loyaltie, & a fat Parsonage.)
Was violently driven from his Flock,
And honest Livelihood, to make a room
For an intruding, unlearn'd, worthless Dunce,
Nam'd DISPENSATION SURFET, of the Tribe
Of Adoniram, a true Hypocrite.
Who ever since, without the least remorse
Of Conscience, or Commiseration,
Hath kept the Living, & grown rich upon't:

While the right Owner, with his Family,
Hath eat the bread of others Charity;
Expos'd to all the Miseries of Want.
Nor satisfi'd with this, the Kirk-dragoon
Continues still to persecute the Wretch,
Molesting him with a vexatious suit.
For, after so Long enjoyment of his Dues,
Hath now arrest, & imprison'd him;
Upon pretence, he left the Parsonage House
Ready to fall to ruine; when 'tis known,
That he rebuilt it wholly from the ground.
And this the Monster doth, in hopes to bring
The Sufferer to release to him for ever
That poor Fifth-part of's own, that is allow'd
To him (& all Sequestred Ministers)
By virtue of a Publique Ordinance.
For, he hath offer'd to his suppliant Wife,
On that condition, to let fall his suit,
And give her Husband liberty. — Now, my Master,
Although he Knows not this much injur'd Man,
Unless by th' fame of's Vertues, & great wrongs:
Yet thinks himself bound by Humanity,
To contribute his Mite to his Relief.
And 'tis in order to that pious End,
That you were sent for now.

WITH. I doe not see,
How I can serve You, Sr. in this. It is
A hard Case, I confess. But, Mr. SURFET
Is both a fierce, & potent Enemie;
A usefull Engine of the Parlament;

He shrinks up his shoulders, as unwilling to meddle in the matter.

A Minion of the Time; graid, & uphild
By the whole Junctо, or the grand Cabal.
If I should but appear against him once;
Then actum est de me; He'll soon procure
A Lease d' Ejectione ferme to be staid
Upon my Practise, all the Committes.
I dare not meddle. Pray, Excuse me.

Aim. Why?
Is not the Cause highly, & clearly just?

With. 'Tis so. But, that is not sufficient.
I'll not depend on justice, in these Times.

Am. If I may have the liberty to speak
My thoughts; You much degenerate from Yourself,
And your Profession. That Lawyer, who
Intends to rise to Wealth & Greatness soon;
Must not consider against whom he pleads,
Nor in what Cause; so he be well rewarded.

With. I grant you, that a great Reward solves all.

aside

Aim. O! now I find the Remora. Come, resume
Your Courage, Man. Behold! here is your Fee.; Gives him Money.
Your first Retaining Fee. As you proceed,
You shall have more.

Am. So, now he comes about.

With. You shall command me. Be most confident, He resumes his confidence, & is pleased.
The Parties business shall goe well. I have't
Already in my head, wch way to take.
Though he be (as we Lawyers use to speak)
Captus in Withernam, lockt fast ith' pound;
Yet shall his subtle Adversary find,
That WITHERNAM can soon Replevy him.

Am. He's grown a Wit; Quibles on his own Name. aside

Aim. Well, since you mention a Replevy, Sr.
Let me intreat you, to goe instantly,

Unto some Judge, & get the Prisner Bayld.
I hope, You will not doubt to take my word,
For your indemnity, should I desire you
To be yourself one of his Surties.

Am. Faith, be good-natur'd; doe a Generous deed.

With. At your request (You'll save me harmless!)
I will be a Frank-pledge (that's our Law term)
For this your Beadsman. — Who shall be the other?

Aim. My Tailour shall. I have prepar'd him for't.

Am. You need but call upon him, as you goe,
And take him w'you. The Boy shall be your guide
Unto his house, here fast by in the Strand.

With. What is the Prisners Name?

Am. Tis TRUMAN, Sr.
You'll find him in the Gate-house.

Aim. In the mean time, take this small summe with you, *Gives him a Purse of money.*
For the discharge of Prison-fees. Perhaps,
The long-oppress't, good Man is distitute
Of Money now. If what the Keeper claim's
Exceed that summe; doe you disburse the rest,
And I'll repay't, with thanks, at your return.

With Such Almes we Lawyers term Deodands:
And the Receiver can't but think it droppt
From Heaven upon him.

Aim. Let him think so still.
I doe conjure you, by your hopes of wealth,
Not to reveal from whence his Rescue comes.
Twere base, to free his Body from Restraint,
And Load his Mind with chains of Gratitude.
Who rightly would confer a Benefit,
Must doe't ith' dark. Light taints a Curtesy,
And makes it smell of Ostentation. *Enter Boy.*

Am. Boy, you must goe with Mr. WITHERNAM,
And shew him where my Masters Taylor dwells:
Wch. done, return hither speedily.

With. You must
Make a Returnum: breve, as we say. —— Exeunt With. & the Boy.

Aimwell sits down & reads.

Am. My Master knows this WITHERNAM to be
Of little Wit, & much Less Honesty;
A Lawyer only by his Gown, & shreds
Of barbrous Latin, & more barbarous French;
Wch. he doth patch together in discourse,
As incoherently, as Sancho did
His Proverbs: yet he useth him, because
He's gracious with Committeemen, & vers'd
In all their crooked ways, & dark intrigues;
Well skill'd in sifting, & conveying Bribes,
Unseen, & closely; cunning enough to bring
Rich Clients in at the back door of Justice,
While poor ones stand excluded from their Right,
And starue with their Petitions in their Mouths.
So great is the Corruption of the Times,
A Learn'd, graue, judicious Advocate,
One, who prefers his Conscience to base Gain,
Cannot be heard. So that an Upright Man
Must either liue trampl'd upon, & spoyl'd;
Or use vile instruments, to saue himself. —
Nor is't a Sin; provided that the ways,
In wch. he useth them, be just & fair, one knocks.
And his Ends honest. —— Who is there? Come in.

Enter JOLLY & PEARE to them.

Aim. How subject am I to disturbances!
Am. Here's Mr. JOLLY, & your Apothecary.

Aimwell riseth from his book.

Act. 1. Scen. III.

Aimwell. Beear. Jolly. Anner. Boy.

Aim. Spruce Mr. Beear, unto what affair
of yours am I beholding for this visit,
After a whole months absence?

Bee. Nobliss Sr.
I am your Vallet trés humble sans designe.

Aim. What? & in French too?

Bee. 'Las! Sr. it is the fashion.
Now no Man's erudite, polite, compliat,
Unless his tongue be tippt with French. And I
Love to be A la mode de Sundah, as we say.
I have the Genius of a Gentleman;
Though by th' iniquity of that stepdame,
Fortune, condemn'd to move in a low orb.
Pox take her for a cross-grain'd, purblind Queen!
She might have seen to have done my Spirit right,
And given me Gold, to decorate my Parts,
And make my Equipage to Symbolize
With my Heroique Inclinations.
Then I had Shin'd, ifaith; in my own Sphere,
Deradiated lustre on all sides,
Bedim'd your Masculine Gallants, & calcin'd
The Ladies hearts in fire Reverberatory.

Aim. Still Mr. Beear.

Bee. (No Master, Sr. I pray.
Jack Beear, if you please. Tis more genteel,
And sounds of greater freedom, in converse,
Among us Bons Garsons.)

Aim. You keep your Vein
Of Lofty Phrases, & Exotique Words.

Bee. I, Sr. have made a copious Dictionary
of choice, unvulgar words.

Aim. For your own use?

Bee. No, Sr. Alas! my Brain
Hath its Retentive Faculty so strong,
As not to need such artificial helps.
I made it to endear a Lady, who
Studies the New Philosophy of Atoms.

Aim. D'you call that New? Tis the most Ancient.

Bee. Laughs at the Problems of old ARISTOTLE;
And can confute him by Experiments,
And Observations made in her own Body.

Jol. No doubt oft. How likes she th' opinion
of Doctor Harvey, that all Femals want
one Principle of Generation?

Bee. She swears, he was an Eunuch; could never digg
Into the depth of Truth: Like a dull Miner,
Who 'cause he cannot pierce into the womb
of th' Earth, & there spring a rich Sylver Mine,
Doth foolishly conclude, there's no such ore
Hidden within its Veins.

Aim. Pray, hold. — No more.

Jol We are falne upon a Ticklish Argument,
A thing for us not to stand Long upon;
I must confess.

Aim. If ought of Buisness hath
Occasiond this your visit; let me know't.

Jol. His buisness is, to bigg your Company,
This day, at dinner.

Bee. I, Sr. haue no Feast,
Only a dish of Fowl, newly betrayd,
And captivated in the Decoy pool;
And half a dozn Bottles of STUN's wine
His best Champania wine, to drink the healths
of the most orient Beauties of the Town.

Aim. First let me know, what Company, besides
Myself, you doe expect. I'm not for more
Than two, or three: nor ist my use, to mix
With Strangers, at a Feast. There's Discord in't.

Bee. Now, by my Honour, my own Humor right!
I haue design'd but two, besides Yourself

Aim. And who are those?

Bee. Two Guests the most select
In all the Ark of my Acquaintance, Sr.
The one's my dearest Friend, & Counsellor,
FRANC. WITHERNAM, the Protæus of the Law.

Aim. Him I know well.

Bee. The other is a Lady,
FUSCARA GABRIELLA, the Dutch Lady.

Aim Who is she? (Come help me to cloaths) He sitts down on the Couch & dresses himself, AMBER helping him.

Bee. Mercury defend my Wit!
That you should ask! Doe not you know her, Sr.?

Aim I never saw Dutch Lady, in my life.

Am. There's no such thing in Nature, I haue heard.

Bee. I am surpriz'd with Consternation!
Venus forgive your ignorance. Hath Fame
With all its mouths proclaim'd her Pulchritude,
Through this our populous Metropolis;
And yet her glorious Name escap'd your ear?

Then let me tell you, you are to encountre,
At once, the greatest Danger, & Delight
of your whole life, when first you see her face.

Aim. Explain yourself.

Bez. I know, then, that Lady's Natures Master-peice;
Her Miracle; â second Roxolana.

Joh. [Would she were half so wise, or fortunate; [aside.]
For her own sake, & mine!]

Bez. She's Beauties grand Exemplar; one who seems
Constellated by Fate, to fire the World.

Aim. ~~Now comes that Comet brought~~. Is she so hot?

Bez. No Comet half so bright: He seems transported.
The radiant Coruscations of her Eyes
Set hearts on fire, as Archimedes Glass
Did ships at Syracuse, & farther off.
If this great Machine of the Universe
Must be, at Last, calcin'd, & vitrifi'd;
'Tis She must cause the Conflagration:
And happy World! to perish in such flames!

Aim. You are transported, Sr. A man may guess,
By these Hyperbole's, you are in Love
With this fair Lady, whom you thus commend.

Bez. A little blasted here, I must confess,
About the Pericardium. — So'll your Master,
I doubt not, when he comes within the sphere
Of her Activity.

Joh. [I hope, he will. [aside.]
His Invitation is, to th' End he may.
That so his Love may take her off my hands,
And's purse supply her wants, now mine's exhausted.
Though neither She, nor Bezar knows my aime.
She's Beautifull, indeed.

Bez. That Man's not born

Of Mortal race, that can resist her Charms.
She'd thaw â Stoique, make his Marrowe glowe
With hot Effluviums of Concupiscence.
And therefore, Sr. be sure, you come prepar'd
With all the Antidotes Philosophy
Prescribes against such fevers of the blood,
As come by Fascination Ocular.

Aim. You counsel well. For, though I am not prone
To idolize â Woman; yet tis not
Impossible, but I sometimes may feel
The strokes of Love, aswell as other Men. —
Well, I will dine w'you; yet not with designe
To see this Beauty, but meet WITHERNAM,
Whom I this morning have imploy'd in buisness,
Of wch. I Long to have a good account.

Bez. Sr. You'll oblige me most transcendently. —
The hour approaches. I'll attend you to my Domicill,
Or (as the Vulgar speak) unto my House.

Aim. But, tell me, Bezar; doth your Hollander,
Your Lady Guest, speak none but her own tongue?
If so, I know not how we shall converse;
Unless by Signes. For, I can speak no Dutch.
Wch the French call the Language of the Devil.

Bez. O! Sr. she can speak English most correctly;
And with as good an Accent, as Myself;
Who study to refine the English Tongue.
Only she has not King Cambyses vein,
To wch. I have attain'd with much adoe.
You'd take her for a Native of this Isle,
By th' plainess of her Elocution. Enter Boy.

Aim. She hath lived here some time, then it should seem.

Jol. I could tell best, how Long; but must not own her. aside.

Boy. Your Taylor was at home, Sr. he is gon
With Mr. WITHERNAM, as you desir'd.

Aim. That's very well. — Come Srs I'm ready now,
To wait upon you.

Bee. Then, I pray, lets goe.
Anon Youll wish, y'ad sooner known the Fro. Exeunt.

The end of the FIRST Act.

Act II. Scen. i.

SURFET. LOVE-THE-SAINTS.

They enter at several doors: Love the saints reading.

SUR. What Book is that you read in, Love the saints?
LOVE. It is Saltmarsh's Dawnings of New-Lights.
SUR. He was a Man of a most precious spirit;
And wrote most sweetly. — But, how long is it,
Since I refresh'd myself with Chocolate?
LOVE. Almost an hour.
SUR. I've fasted then too long. ~~I've~~
'Tis two hours since I din'd. I fear me, you
Did put but three Eggs in my Chocolate.
Take heed. 'Tis sinfull, for to scant the Saints
In any of their Creature-comforts. For,
The Fatness of the Earth is theirs by right.
LOVE. Truely, there were four Eggs, four new-laid Eggs
Well beaten in a pint of Chocolate;
Wch is your usual Dose still after dinner.
SUR. I feel a Gnawing here. My Stomach's cold;
And apt to send up vapours to my Head;
Upon the best of Emptiness. — Goe you,
My LOVE-THE-SAINTS, down, & desire my Wife,
To send me up a dishfull of that Jelly,
Our faithfull Sister, TAME-THE-FLESH, sent in
This morning; & bid her putt Amber in't. — she offers to goe.
And (d'ee you hear?) I pray learn of her the way
How to dissolve the Amber-grise in Sack,
To putt into my Candles, when th'are made.

For, I intend, henceforth that you shall be
My Hand-maid, as it were, & make those Drinks,
With wch I cherish this frail Tabernacle,
And make it fitter to performe the Work,
The Work of Propagating Israel. —
The Saints you read of in the Primitive Times,
Had many devout Damsells to attend 'em,
And minister to their Necessities. ——— Exit Loue.

He Looks amorously on her, & chucks her under the Chin.

This Damsell's very beautifull to behold;
Exceeding fair; very exceeding fair:
And pleaseth my sight well. I feel a motion
Of much Loue to her, & a strong desire,
A very strong desire, as it were,
To know her well, after the manner of Men.
I must, in Loving-kindness, goe in unto her. —
The Patriarchs of old had many Hand-maids,
Under the Law, wch now is abrogate:
And verily I think, I may haue one,
Under the Gospel, wch doth free the Saints
From Ceremonious bondage in the Flesh. ——.
I haue many Modern Precedents in the case. ——
Yea, I may haue a Handmaid; tis resolv'd. ——
But, will it not be Scandalous to the Cause,
The Holy Cause, if once the Wicked know't?
There lyes the chiefest danger. For, the Saints
Are more afraid of Scandal, than of Sin. ——
Yet I may keep the matter from the Eyes,
And prophane Ears of scoffing Ishmaels.
" Surely I may. For, outward Holiness
" Is Mask sufficient for the greatest Crimes,
" And Stopps the mouth of Fame, when she speaks truth.

He deliberates with himself touching the Lawfulness of having a Concubin.

And to that safe Disguise I'll trust ——. I see,
My Lovely LOVE-THE-SAINTS, that you delight
To be obedient, you have made such haste.
Obedience to Spiritual Governours
Is a most special Gift, a pregnant Sign
Of absolute Self-resignation;
Wch in a special maner is requird
From Virgins of the Family of Love. ——
What say you? will you wholly give yourself
Up, as a Free-will Offering, as it were,
Body & Mind, for to be rulde by me?

Love-the-saints returns with a dish of Jelly.

He drinks up ye Jelly.

LOVE. My Parents placed me with you to that end.
SUR. They did so; & I must discharge the trust
They putt in me, to teach you how to tame
The Outward Man, & conquer fleshly lusts.
Come nearer to me; I'm resolvd, to try
What measure of Self-resignation
You have acquird. Now greet me with a kiss. —
Nay, fy; let Satan hinder you from doing
As you are bid; in such a duety too?

She starts back.

LOVE. I cannot, Sr in modesty obey.
SUR. That Modesty of yours is a plain Sign
Of imperfection; a very Relique
Of the old Man, & ought to be cast out.
Yet I'll so far indulge your tender Years,
And Frailty, as to learn you how to kiss.

He takes her in his armes, & kisses her most lasciviously.

LOVE. You kiss too close, & hard, methinks; D'you call
These Holy Greetings?
SUR. Yea, among the Saints.
LOVE. How doe the Wicked kiss then?
SUR. Thus —— & thus.

He kisses her again & again.

LOVE. I feel no Difference.

SUR. There's great Difference.
For, what is an Effect of fervent Love
Among the Pure, is sinfull to th Unclean.
As to the Outward Man, the thing's all one;
The Spirit 'tis makes the Distinction. ——
But, tell me, LOVE-THE-SAINTS; doe you not feel
Some Carnal motions in you? You must hide.
Nothing from me; but Lay yourself, as 'twere,
Quite Open unto me. —— Be not asham'd; He takes her by the Apron.
Such Motions of the Flesh are Natural,
Yea, very Natural. Come, you needs must tell me.

LOVE. I understand not what you mean.

SUR. Nay, then (I see) I must be plainer w'you.
This Stubbornness of yours must be subdu'd.
I'll carry you into my Study here,
And there. —— Alack! See who it is that Knocks. One Knocks.
I'll Slip into my Study here; from whence
(If it be any one to speak with me.)
Pray, call me forth —— Beshrew his heart, whoe're
It be. He hath prevented me, as 'twere. Exit.

Enter Mrs TRUMAN.

ACT. II. Scen. II.

LOVE-THE-SAINTS. Mrs. TRUMAN.

LOVE. With whom would you speak, Woman?

Mrs. TRU. Mr. SURFET.
His Man without told me, that he's within.

LOVE. He is so. Who shall I tell him you are?

Mrs. TRU. No matter for my Name. He knowes me with.
I haue bin with him often.

LOVE. He is now
Close at his Book. The Parlament hath laid
A task upon him, chosen him to shew
His Gifts, at Margrets Church, on Wednesday next,
(A day of publique Humiliation);
And he is now preparing for that work.

Mrs. TRU. I shall not Long disturb him. A few minutes
Will serue to Let him know my business:
Wch is to entreat him to doe a work
Of much more Pitty, than Preaching is.

LOVE. How Sister! Surely, no Work can be so.
For, Preaching is the Saints Perfection-gift,
Above all other duties of Religion.

Mrs. TRU. That point I will not now dispute. I pray,
Let me speak with your Master instantly.
He is concern'd in what I come about,
As much as I.

LOVE. Well, then I will adventure,
For once, to interrupt his Heavenly thoughts,
And call him to you. _____ Exit LOVE.

Mrs. TRU. His Heavenly thoughts! Perfidious Hypocrite!
His Hellish ones She might haue said more truely.
If he be studying now, I fear me, this
How to delude his Zealous Prosilytes,
And propagate Rebellion in their hearts;
To rob the Church, & spoyl the Innocent;
To blaspheme Providence, & make it own
The horrid Crimes his Party dayly act;
To extort Legacies from dying men;

To get young credulous Widdows to entrust
Their Fortunes to him, & then cozen them;
To vitiate mens Wives, & make them robb
Their Husbands, bring their jewells unto him,
Upon pretext of carrying on the Cause:
And all the while appear, like Lucifer,
In a disguise of Light & Sanctity.
These are the points he studies; the black Arts,
On wch his treacherous Mind is still intent. —
And yet he need not study 'em; for, Use
And Practise hath made them Habitual
Unto the Villain's Soul. —— See, here he comes.

Enter SUR. in a purple Baize Gown, & night-cap, as from study.

Act. II. Scen. iii.

SURLY. Mrs. TRUMAN.

SUR. Hah! TRUMAN's Wife? Woman, I'are very bold,
Thus to intrude upon my privacy.
Cann'st I enjoy my peace, sit at my Book,
And give myself to Meditation;
But you must come, & interrupt me still?
How dare you rudely haunt me so? Han't I
Forbidden you to come within my doors?

Mrs. TRU. You have, the more you have to answer for. aside.
If I am importune, I hope, my Love
To my poor suffring Husband may excuse it.
His Misery cries loud in th' Ears of Heaven;
And can you be s' obdurate, to stop yours?
Have you no Mercy left, no spark of Pitty?

No Bowells of Compassion? Is your Breast
Made of a Rock? your Heart of Adamant?

SUR. Why talk you of Compassion? There's none due
Unto Malignants; Sonnes of Belial;
Th accursed seed of Cham. Who have no Right,
No portion in the good things of the Land:
But ought to be extirpate Root & Branch,
As Enemies to th' Holy Covenant.——
Besides, your Husband is one of Baals Priests;
A false Prophet; a Limb of Antichrist;
A Spiritual Pimp to th' Whoor of Babylon;
A stiff Defendant of Episcopacy,
And Power Prelaticall, that curbs the Saints.—
And shall the Pure in heart be Mercifull
To such lewd Vessells of Perdition?
No; I will persecute him unto Death,
And glory in the fierceness of my Zeal.——

Remember Curse ye Meroz; read that Booke,
Wrote by a Saint of a most precious Spirit,
That Boanerges, Zealous Mr. Marshall:
There you shall find, what Pitty doth belong
To conquerd Reprobates from Saints in Power.

Mrs. TRU. Be not thus angry, Sr. without a Cause.
Tis only Justice that I come to seek.

SUR. Justice? the Wicked have no bibble to it.
Tis Justice, to destroy them from the Earth.

Mrs. TRU. What need this Rage? More Calmness would become
A man of your graue Function much better.
I come not to incense you; but t'entreat
What the most cruel Jew would not deny.

SUR. And what is that?

He speaks this scornfully.

Mrs. TRU. In short, no more than this;
That you'd accept of Bayl, sufficient Bayl,
For my poor Husband almost Starv'd in Goal.

SUR. What Bayl can he find? trow. Some like himself,
Beggars, or vile Malignants? some such stuff?

Mrs. TRU. This day there came to visit him, in Prison,
Two Persons of good Rank, rich Citizens,
Housekeepers both, such as the Law requires;
And these, though Strangers, told him, they were sent
By a well-minded Man, a Stranger too,
(Whose Name they were commanded to conceal)
On purpose to be Sureties for him,
And give their Bond for his Apparince to
Your Action, the first day of the next Term.
Now, since the Judge doth not dislike this Bayl,
And bad me come to acquaint you with their Names;
I hope you will not be so unreasonable,
As to refuse 'em.

SUR. Set your heart at rest.
The Judge himself shall not have power to give
Your Stiff-necked Husband freedom, for one hour.
You know, I have told you often, that unless
He would release unto me that Fifth Part,
Assigned him of the Living I now hold;
And enter into bond, never more to claim it;
I never would be brought to set him free.

Mrs. TRU. That poor Fifth Part is all the means, that now
Your Violence hath left us, wherewithall
To buy a little Bread, to sustain life:
And can you be so cruel, so inhumane,
To take that also from us?

SUR. I'm resolv'd.
Nor shall your Tears, or Clamour change my mind.
Nay, though I saw him begging at the Grate,
And you sink down with Famine, at my door;
I would not give one Morsell to relieve you. ——
Within there, Ho! Bring me my Cloak & Hat. — Enter LOVE-THE-SAINTS, bringing his Cloak, Sattin-cap, & Hat.
Woman depart, & see my face no more,
Unless your Husband humble his proud heart,
And bring it down to my Conditions.

Mrs TRU. Most barbrous Wretch! Devil in human shape! Exit Mrs. TRUMAN.

SUR. Now will I goe, & straight inform against
This TRUMAN to some Members of the House;
Tell 'em, that he hath spoke Seditious words
Against the Government, & underhand
Holds Correspondence with the Enemy,
Engag'd in a new Plott i'th Cavaliers,
T'embroyl the Nation in a second warre:
And get an Order from 'em to his Keeper,
To make him a Close-prisner. Wch bring done,
I soon shall bow, or break his stubborn Heart. ——
What though I cannot proue him guilty? 'Tis
Enough, that I accuse him. —— To enforce Belief
Implicite, is my Callings Privilege.
Such Polycie is Function-mystery:
And with us Saints, all pious Frauds, & Shifts,
No Sins, but Dispensations are, & Gifts. ——
But, my dear LOVE-THE-SAINTS, when I return,
I'll finish that good work of Brotherly-love
On you, wch even now I had begun. —— He kisses her.
It grieves my Spirit much, to leave't undone.

Exeunt.

Act II. Scen. IV.

VIOLETTA. FUSCARA.

VIOL. What, Madame, doe you think, the Goldsmiths say,
This Jewel, wch your Servant WITHERNAM
Presented you, to day, in heat of Love,
Is worth?

FUSC. Alas! I cannot guess. Such things
Are undervalu'd, when expos'd to sale.

VIOL. Yet guess however. Here are many Stones, *she holds up the Jewell.*
You see; & all dart forth a radiant luster,
Like brightest Starrs in a dark frosty night.

FUSC. Why, I believe, no Broker will refuse
To Lend a Hundred pounds on such a Pawn.
For, He, who gave it, swore a thousand Oaths,
It cost him Sixscore pieces, to a Friend.

VIOL. Then has he damn'd himself a thousand times,
Or else was grossly cheated by that Friend.
For, I have shewn't to several Jewellers,
And all Laugh at me, swear 'tis Counterfeit.

FUSC. How? Counterfeit? It is impossible.
Leave off thy fooling, Wench; I know, 'tis right.

VIOL. Right Glass, by my Virginity, no other;
Good honest Venice Glass, cut into squares,
And set on Foyls, such as they use for Diamonds.

FUSC. By thy Virginity, right Glass? 'Tis well,
Thou swear'st by such a brittle thing, or else—

VIOL. No oath is more agreeable to the subject.

Yet; by that thing, which Women hold most dear,
(I need not name it, Madame) it is true.

TUSC. What's true? speak Wench.

VIOL. That all these Stories are false;
False & deciptfull as the Lawyers heart,
Who brought em, as a Bait to angle with
In the well-stord Fish-pond of your Love.
But, be not troubled, Madame; there is yet
This comfort left; the Glass is set in Gold:
And that's worth something.

TUSC. Prithee, what ist worth?

VIOL. Faith, more than you gave for it, by the half;
Nay more than a wise Man would give for that,
Wch. when enjoyd, is always left behind,
And may be sold to many, yet kept still.

TUSC. Curse on his Splendid Nothing, & on him!
Doth he think Youth & Beauty are so cheap,
As to be bought with Bawbles of no price.

VIOL. They say, the Indians have a little Beast,
They call a Castor; wch. for its fine Skin,
And a strong-scented thing, that grows beneath
His Belly, they doe hunt, & catch; then sell
The same to Merchants for Glass-beads, & toyes:
Now I believe, your Merchant of the Law
Takes you for such a Beast.

But he shall find,

TUSC. The thing he hunts, is not so easily caught;
And when it is, he shall pay dearly for't.
His glorious Present false! Ah, VIOLETTA!
What trust is there in Mortal Man?

VIOL. Not much;
Nor yet in Mortal Woman, to speak truth.

Nay, there is lifs in Women. For, the Men
Haue something for us Women to take hold of:
But, we are smooth, & slippery things, like Eels,
Wch being gripd, slide through the holders hands.——
But, Madame, since y'are disapointed thus,
Of pawning this rich Jewell for a summe,
To satisfy your present wants; what course
Can you think on, to stop the bawling mouths
Of your importunate Dunnes? There are below
Your Cook, your Taylor, & your Vintners Boy,
All clamorous for the payment of their Bills.
I had much adoe to keep 'em from being rude
In pressing up.

Tusc. Tell 'em, I am not well;
Haue taken Physique, & can speak with none.

Viol. I haue. But they are deaf to all Excuses;
And say, they will haue money, ere they goe.

Tusc. Canst not thou put 'em off till Saturday?

Viol. Not till to morrowe. Th' insolent Rascals swear,
Unless you pay 'em now, they'll take their course.

Tusc. Desire my Landlord to engage his word,
To see 'em paid within a week.

Viol. Alas!
He's full as rude, & violent as they.
But yesterday, you know, he threatnd hard,
To sieze upon your Trunks, & Clothes for Rent:
And will he, think you, pass his word for more?
Those who let Lodgings are a sort of Jews,
They haue no Souls, but Money—— Pray, Consider.

Tusc. I'm in a straight, & know not what to doe.
My Providence is ended with my Hopes.
Long haue I strove to hide my Poverty,

And sit my Person off with handsome Clothes,
In expectation of some wealthy Lover:
But find at last, that I must fast through want.
Men are so cunning grown, that none will bite,
Unless the Hook be made of massy Gold.

VIOL. Their Love, indeed, doth now-a-days give place
Unto their Avarice: There was a time,
When Beauty was a Dowry worth a Lordship,
And Men would sell their Lands to purchase it.
But that time's past; the greater is our Grief. She sighs.
Yet why should you despair, who have such store
Of Gallants to adore you, as their Saint?

FUSC. They bring but mean oblations to my Shrine:
They come, like painted Butterflies to Flowers,
Only to taste their sweets, & then fly off.

VIOL. Or rather like a swarm of gawdy Wasps
That flock to Honey. For (I must have my jest)
A fair young Woman is a Honey-pott,
Of wch each licorish Wasp desires a lick:
And Marriage is a falling into it
Quite over head & ears, ne're to get out.

FUSC. 'Tis that affrights 'em. There's not one of all marriage
My Servants ever mentions Matrimony.

VIOL. Nay, by your favour, Madame, that's not so.
Your Servant WITHERNAM, the Lawyer,
Doth aime at nothing else. This very day,
I heard him offer you to fetch a Priest
To joyn his hand with yours in Wedlock bands.

FUSC. He, I confess, did so. But he appears
So like an Ass in Love, I cannot bring

My Fancy to affect him for a Husband!
He mopps, & mowes, like an old withered Ape,
Shrowing his face into a thousand Shapes:
And all he says is, Ah! my dear Dutch Lady!
Shall you & I be married straight, & then
To bed, & get a Boy? So Changeling like.
I loath the very thoughts of his Embraces.

Fid. What though you doe? were I in your case,
I'd snap him heirsecre. Your business is
To get a Husband for a Linthicod:
Not alone to please your curious Eye.

Fusc. Besides, he proffers me a Joynture
Of twelve score pounds a year, a clear Estate.
And 'twere great Rashnes not to stay till that
Be formely setled.

Fid. Thus you say somwhat Madame;
That's a Material point. But, doe you then
Resolve to marry him, when that is done?

Fusc. Faith, my Condition is so desperate,
I fear I shall be forc'd t'accept the Task.

Fid. This is one Anchor yet in this your Storme
Of evil Fortune. Pray, be constant to't.

Fusc. I will ——— But, how shall we subsist the while?
What shall I doe for Money? Watch, to keep
Myself in a fair Equipage; that he
(Who now believes that I am vastly rich)
May not discern my Wants, & so break off?

Fid. This Money's such a thing, I have observ'd,
It wont endure to dwell in the same house
With a great Beauty; unless very rarely.
Well Madame, there's no Remedy, you must

Lay up your Sattin Mantle, & your Gown
With the rich silver Lace, in Lavender,
Till Fortune bi more kind. They, sure will bring
Ten, or twelue pounds; wch will suffice to pay
These dribling scores unto your Punnes below.

Jusc. There's no resisting strict Necessity.——
Go, take those things, & borrow what you can
upon em of some Broaker, for a month.
But, first go send away the sawcy Rogues;
Tell 'em, they shall haue Money before night.—— Exit Violetta.

How weary am I of this course of life!
And how neer Ruine hath my Folly brought me!
Had I preserv'd my Fame, & Conscience clear
From the black Stains of All-defiling Lust;
Suppress't my youthfull heats; & shut my Ears
Against the sly temptations of those Men,
Who courted me for their own vicious Ends:
I then had been at peace with Heaven, & might
Expect Relief from Providence Divine.
But, being Lost to Virtue now I find,
I'm lost to Heaven, myself, & all the World.——
O! that I had some wise, & faithfull Friend
To whose graue conduct I might now commit
Myself, in this Extremity!" ——— Violetta returns.

Viol. I haue dismiss'd 'em, Madame; but, there is
A certain odde Conceipt come in my head,
Wch brings some glimpse of Hope along with it.

Jusc. Prithee, what is't? Thy Brains, I think, are Stunn'd;
Th'are always working.

Viol. It will, perhaps, appear Extravagant:
And yet it pleaseth me, as 'twere inspir'd

By some good Angel, that takes care of us.

Tusc. Alas! I fear, there's none takes care of me.
However out with it.

Viol. I doe suspect,
That Mr. Aimwell, that brave Gentleman,
Who din'd with you, to day, at Bezars house,
And was so courteous to bring you home,
Hath a good Liking toward you at last.

Tusc. What ground hast thou for this thy wild conceipt?

Viol. Enough to make it highly probable.
For, I observ'd him, at first Enterview,
To make a suddain stand, as if surpriz'd
With Admiration of your Excellent Forme:
And all the while we staid there, to the minute,
In wch he took his leave, He kept his Eyes
So fixt upon you, as if twere a pain,
To take em off to any other object.——
He could not eat, for gazing. If by Chance
He were diverted, by the Company,
To entertain discourse; He gave such short,
And broken answers, as his Labouring Mind
Were otherwise imployd, & taken up
With deeper thoughts. But, when You spoke to him,
His Soul seemd to come forth to meet your words;
He strictly heedd every Syllable:
And made Returns so full of Gentleness,
And sweet Compliance; as his chief Delight
Were to converse with you alone. In short,
I could discern in him (as yet he strove
To hide em) all those Signs, wch I have heard,
Are Symptom's of Affection newly Kindled.

Tusc. Indeed, he bore himself with much Respect,

And singular Observance toward me,
Above the Rest. But, what doth that import?
Don't all well-bred Men pay the like Respect
To handsome Women? Then, he seems too wise,
Too serious, & reserv'd, to fall in Love. ——
And yet methinks, I cannot chuse but wish,
Withall my Soul, that I had such a Servant.

Vict. I doe not blame you for that Wish. But, grant,
I am mistaken. Beggar did assure me,
He is a Person highly generous,
Obliging unto all Mankind; & still
Ready to doe good offices to such,
Who either want his Counsel, or Relief. ——
Reflecting upon this, & the sad Case
That You are in at present; I should think
It Prudence in you, to take occasion
From his Civility, to day, & Kind Expressions,
Of making him your Friend. ——

Fusc. What way, or Means
Have I to compass so great Happiness?

Vict. Nothing more Easy. If You'll give me leave,
In my return from getting you some Money,
I'll make a visit to him, as from you,
To thank him for the Honour he did you
In bringing of you home. Such being done,
If he betray a Forwardness to come,
And quit your Compliment; I need not then
Add any Spurre to's inclination. ——
If not; it will not savour of Immodesty,

Put a free Confidence in his Candor,
If I give him a gentle invitation,
To come, & speak with you.

Tusc. Concerning what?

Viol. There you have puzzled me. — But stay — I have't.
I am informed, that He & WITHERNAM
Are perfectly acquainted each with other.

Tusc. Suppose, they be. What's that to th' purpose?

Viol. What, therefore, if you tell him of the Love
That WITHERNAM makes to you? that you are
A Stranger to his Fortune? & desire
To learn the value of it? Then proceed,
To ask, if He doth think him a fit Match,
Or not, for your Quality & Youth? —
All this You will may doe without offense
To Manners, or Discretion.

Tusc. To what End?

Viol. To this. If he hath any thoughts of Love
To you himself; the notice of a Rival
Will fire him so, & sharpen his Desires,
That He'll disclose 'em instantly. — If not,
Then you may safely putt yourself upon
His Wisedom, & Humanity for Advice.
He is too Noble to abuse a Trust;
Too Charitable not to lend a hand,
To raise a Beauty sinking under Want.

Tusc. I apprehend thee, Wench: & will be ruled.

Viol. You run no hazard in't. — If this Plott hitt,
At a dead lift, give me a Womans Witt.

The End of the SECOND Act.

Act III. Scen. I.

Hotlove. Tuscara. Bezar. Violetta.

Hotlove takes Tuscara to one end of the Stage, to court her: & Bezar takes Violetta to y^e other.

Hot. How long, fair Murdress, shall my Torments last?
Are you of Nero's humor? that you thus
First set your Rome, my Heart, on fire; & then
Sit, & rejoyce to see't consum'd to ashes? —
The beams of your bright Eyes have scorch'd my Soul
Almost to Cynders; yet you are so far
From taking pitty on my Sufferings,
That you delight, & triumph in my Pain.

Tusc. Still you accuse me, Sr, of Cruelty,
Of w^ch I am not conscious to Myself.

Hot. Not to be Kind to him, who cannot live
Without your Kindness, is to be most Cruel.
There is no Medium betwixt Love & Hate.

Tusc. Then I should love you; for, I hate you not.
Nor have I given you cause, thus to complain
Of too much Rigor in mi; or Disdain.
You never read Aversion in my Frowns. *Or Looks

Hot. I must confess you Gracious in your Smiles.
But, I am not of the Platonique Sect.
My Love is no Chameleon, to be fed
With the thin Airy diet of kind Looks:
No! it requires a quick & free Embrace.
Of Starves, when nourisht only with the Face.

Tusc. And dies, when sated with the other Place. —

What then is to be done, to keep't Alive?

Hot. A full Fruition makes it ever thrive.

Jusc. You are mistaken. 'Tis good Store of Gold,
That best keeps Love from ever growing old.

Hot. That jarring string she always harps upon. I aside.
Is that your constant judgement?

Jus. 'Tis — For, Jove,
When he would compass the fair Danaë's love,
Transform'd himself into a Golden Shape:
And she, though Coy, straight spread her greedy Lap,
To catch at once her Lover, & Reward;
Not knowing Jove, till he appear'd in Gold.
Wch she esteem'd the greater Deity,
And of more sovereign power. Nay, even Saints
Themselves are deaf, when nothing but Complaints
Are offer'd at their Shrines — Why then should Men
Adore their Mistresses with Empty hands?
And yet hope Favour?

Hot. Then I'll not despair,
That you will yield at last, if I can bring
That silent, yet most powerfull Advocate,
Gold, to plead my Cause.

Jusc. Be confident,
You then shall find me Wax, prepar'd to take
The deepest Impress that your Love can make.

Hot Then You & I shall both, ere long, be happy.
For, Madame, I come now to bring you news
Of a Designe I have, to make you Rich.

Jusc. Wch way?

Hot. By Marriage to a wealthy Knight.
Whose rotten Carcass stoops beneath the weight

Of fourscore Years, & many more Diseases.
Whose Soul (if he has any) is so chain'd
Unto the Earth, b'insatiate Avarice,
That though the Wretch possesseth an Estate
Of full two thousand pounds a year, in Land,
And near as much by cursed Usury:
Yet still he gapes for more, as if he cryd,
No Earth-worm can be ever satisfi'd. ——
'Mongst other damned ways, that he doth take
To encrease his Riches to infinity;
This is the chief. He hunts rich Widdows out,
Then haunts em like a Ghost, in hope to gett
The Fortune of some Easy Fool into
His Vulturs Tallons. —— Now, in his own snare
I doubt not to entrap his treacherous feet. ——
I've baited him already, with the fame
Of a DUTCH LADY, who is vastly rich:
Pretending, that I have some hopes Myself
To gain her favour, by my Youth, & Parts;
But want the Counsil of so graue & wise
A Person, as he is, to guide my Suit:
And this because I'm sure, that as soon,
As he can find you out, the faithless Mole
Will work to undermine me in my hopes,
And gett you for Himself.

TUSC. I like your Plott.
I'aue given the Miser a fine Character.
But, pray, Who is't?

HOT The Man is Sr. RALPH BEETL.

TUSC. 'Tis the first time, I ever heard his Name.

Hist. He's mad to haue a sight of You. Wherefore,
Goe you, with no Attendants, but your Maid,
And take a turn, or two, in Greys-inne walks;
whither Ile bring him, as my Confident.
But be you sure, you seem not to know me;
& having given his Spectacles a glimpse
of your fair Person, at convenient distance,
Retire instantly unto your Lodging.
Tis ten to one, but he will dogg you home.

Fluse. You haue instructed me, & Ile obey.

Hist. In the mean time, pluck all your Patches off.— she offers to goe.
And hear me one word more. If't be my luck,
To marry you to this old Misers Baggs,
Will you then gratify my Wit & Care.
With the enjoyment of your first Loue?

Fluse. The self-same hour, that makes me his Wife,
Makes me your constant Mistris.— Here's my hand;
To this our bargain Ile most firmely stand.

Hist. Nay, Madame, to doe so, will be my part.— All this while BEZAR hath been courting VIOLETTA, w^th signes of vehement passion.
Poor Lovers, when Denid, must fly to Art.—

Fluse. Now, Mr. BEZAR; You pursue your Loue
unto my Woman hotly, I perceiue.

Bez. I am ambitious still to emulate,
& be a most Spectator of the Mode.
Young Gallants, such as I, must not abscond
their Talents, or innate Acquisitions,
& (as the vulgar speak) hide their good parts:
But exercise them on idoneous Objects,
when they obtrude to their admiring optiques.

Viol. My Servant here hath said the finish things
(As I believe, at least; for, to confess

My ignorance, I understand em not)
That ever trusty Squire of doughty Knight
Said unto Damsel fair in distress.

BEE. I charm'd the Organs of my VIOLETTA
With all the flowers of heroick Rhetorique:
Yet she persists a Nullifidian,
That is, she's full of Dubiosity,
Or (as the Vulgar speak) doubts all I say.

HOT. She needs must doubt, what she can't comprehend.

BEE. She is a Sceptique, or Pyrrhonian.

VIOL. We were Madame, engag'd in a dispute,
What way a Man might best express his Love,
And Faith unto his Mistress. He affirms,
That Fighting for her Honour best doth shew
A cordial Zeal: & I maintain, there is
Another trial of more certainty.

CHUSE. What trial's that, I pray?

VIOL. Even to bind her Money.
Now, you & Mr. HOTLOVE here shall judge,
Wch of us two hath hit the white of truth.

CHUSE. Doubtless, Thou hast. For, if that Money be,
As wise men hold, the Measure of all things:
Then certainly it measures all mens Love.

HOT. The Consequence is clear. All Gentlemen
Find it most true, by dear Experience.

VIOL. If therefore you would have me be convinc'd
Th' truth of all your Amorous vows, you know
The best & only way.

BEE. And rather than
It shall be said, JACK BEE'S not compleat

In all the Generous points of Gallantry;
Or that there is a Vacuum in his Faith,
I'll take that way. —— Dear Mistris, dost thou want
Argent, or Or?

VIOL. Perhaps, I doe. Will you
Be noble, & supply me?

BEZ. Name the Summe.

VIOL. Ten pounds.

BEZ. She doth this but to try me, sure. aside.
But I'll outwitt her. — You are too modest. —
Here are ten Spankers; take & use em Girl. He gives her
Pay me when Fortune's more propitious ten peeces of
To thy incompensable Merits. Gold.

VIOL. Madame, see!
The Man's in earnest.

FUSC. Wench be thou so too,
And keep his Gold, as Earnest of his Love.

BEZ. [I fear me, so she will.] aside

VIOL Well, Servant, I
Look on this Gold, as a bright Evidence
Of your Reality.

BEZ. [My Folly rather. aside.
I needs must be a Courting — pox upon't!

FUSC. Come VIOLETTA; I'll goe take the aire,
In Grays-Inne Garden

HOT. And you, BEZAR,
Shall goe along with me, & help in a Designe
I've laid to serve this Lady.

BEZ. What you please. —— Exeunt HOTLOVE & BEZAR.

Viol. This Money, Madame, comes in a good hour,
To saue your Gown & Mantle.

Fusc. Faith, it does
But I was fain to help the in thy wheedle.
I cannot chuse but Laugh. —— The vapouring Ass
Produc'd his Gold meerly in a Bravado.

Viol. And I received it in pure love to you.

Fusc. I'll thank thee at more leasure. Lett's away.

Viol. Shall I not then goe visit Mr. ALIWELL?

Fusc. As we return, thou Shalt. —— Now as we goe,
I'll tell thee news, wch thou'lt be glad to Knowe. —
I, wench, have got a new string to my Bowe. Exeunt.

Act III. Scen. II.

HOTLOVE ... Sr RALPH BEETL. JOLLY.
BEZAR. FUSCARA. VIOLETTA.

Hot. This is the hour, in wch she's dayly wont
To take the aire: & this her usual walk.

Sr. Raph. Doth any man walk with her Ladyship?

Hot. Nor Man, nor Boy. Alas! she's so retired,
That she avoids the company of Men.
No Nun lives closer in a Monastery.

Sr. Ra. What brought her into England? Can you tell?

Hot. She came, Sr. to recover a great Summe
Of Money, that lyes in the hands of two
Rich Merchants, who in her Husbands life time,
Held Commerce with him, & are yet her Debtors.
I hear, that now th'ave Stated their Accompts,
And set a day for payment.

Sr. Ra. When sh'as done
Her business with them; will she then return
To Holland? think you?

Hot. Truly, 'tis thought not.
For, her Solicitor whisperd me, that She
Has thoughts of transferring her whole Estate
Hither from the Bank of Amsterdam:
Being highly pleasd with the clear English aire.
She likes our Lawes, our Manners, our Religion.

Sr. Ra. Religion? why doth she consider that?

Hot. Above her Fortune; yea, above her Life.
She has no Heat in her, but that of Zeal
To the New Discipline; that's all her Fault.

Sr. Ra. I like her much the better for that Fault.

Hot. You like her! Why, Sr. Rapt, I hope, you have
No purpose to supplant me? Did I bring
You hither, as my Counsellor, & Friend?
And doe you talk of liking her?

Sr. Ra. No, no.
Young Man, thou needst not fear. I will be just;
I will be true, [to my own interest. aside.]

Hot. Pray Heaven, you be. Else you will ruine me. Enter Jolly & Bezar: & place themselves by the Hangings.

Sr. R. Speak softly, Man, I pritthee — who are this?

Hot. I know 'em not. By their fine Clothes, & garb,
They should be Gentlemen. Let us remove

To safer distance. _____

JOL. See, BEZAR! yonder is the Covetous Wretch,
Attending, like a Serjant for his prey.
BEZ. What hast the Debtor makes to be undone?
JOL. Lord! what a dismal Spectacle he is!
That antique, long, black, Sempiternum Cloak,
With his bowd Back, & Bardolfs ruby Nose,
Makes him look like a Sexton, at midnight,
With a dark Lanthorn, stooping to break ope
Some Rich Mans Coffin, & rob him of his Shroud.
BEZ. Your Simile's most appositе. Methinks,
His Beard too represents a Sextons Spade.;
Its Hieroglyphick Cutt seems to portend,
That's Grave ere long will stop his gaudy jaws.
JOL. Now I think better on't, his long, red Nose
Is like a Beacon flaming, on a Hill
Cover'd with Snow. It burns, & drops at once.
And the Salt Rheum distilling from his Eyne,
Furrow's his shrivild Cheeks, & gives his Beard
The loathsom Dye of Yellow upon White.
BEZ. And for his Body, or his Carcass rather;
Faith, I can think it nought, but Bones compact,
And set in order in a Case of Skin;
Wch by the help of Wires, & wheels within,
Are made to move, like an Automaton,
Or rusty German Clock.— But hold, heres one
Will wind him up.

Enter IUSCARA & VIOLETTA; & walk a turn or two upon the Stage.

JOL. But never make him strike.
Tis She.— Now, BEZAR, is the Critical minute.

Bez. There goes the brave DUTCH LADY. Such a wife
Would doe my Business finely, Boy!

Here Sr. RAPH puts on his Spectacles, & stares upon her: then listens to what JOLLY & BEZAR say.

Jol. Or mine,
or any man's, indeed. They say, she hath
More ready money, than will serve to buy
Three Aldermen out of their whole Estates.

Bez. Some twenty thousand pounds lies in the hands
Of solvent Merchants: & in the Bank of Holland
The Lord knows how much more!

Jol. I wonder much,
None of our young Nobility hath yet
Found out this endless Magazin of wealth.

Bez. They have; but dare not court her, least they should
Incurr the danger o'th' Protectors frowns,
Who (as they whisper) hath design'd her for
His younger Sonne.

Jol. That's probable. ——— She's gon.

Exeunt JUSTICE & VIOLETTA.

Hot. What say you now, Sr. RAPH, to this brave sight?
Is she not a most glorious, tempting Thing?

Sr. Rh. She is a proper Lady, I confess;
A very Paragon. [Would she were mine!] aside

Hot. Doe not you think, she'll make an Exlent wife
To raise a younger Brother, as I am?

Sr. RA. Yes, if thou couldst but get her. But—thou heardst
What one of those young Roysters said even now,
About the Lord Protectors aime. I would
Not have thee meddle — There's some danger in't.
[I fain would fright him so, he may desist.] [aside]

Hot. I fear no danger, Sr.

Sr Rt. Well then, God b'you.

Hoy. Why in such hast now on the suddain? Good
Sr. RAPH, a little of your Counsil first,
How I may carry on this great Designe.

Sr. Rh. Another time will serue for that. There is
A matter of great moment now expects
My care & person, wch I had forgott. —— Exit Sr. RAPH.

Hoy. Go, treacherous Ass! Make hast to catch thy self.
Already thou hast one foot in the Snare:
Ere long I'll bring the other in; & then
Thou shalt be both my Cuckold, & Exchequer. — He turns to JOLLY &
Gallants, I thank you. You haue done your parts BEZAR.
Most rarely.

Jol. We followd your instructions.

Bez. Most accurately, in each Punctilio.

Hoy. And the Success seems answerable. For, I guess,
The Wolf is gon to smell her Lodging out.
And, I dare swear, will visit her 'fore night,
As neer as his.

Jol. I had much adoe to hold
From laughing out aloud, when I beheld
The Mopp-eyd Owle pull forth his Spectacles,
And Saddle's Copper nose, to take a view
O'th' Lady, at a distance; & then stare,
As Clowns upon the Moon in an Eclipse.

Bez. Or like the Wizard, Lilly, through a Tube,
At Mars & Venus in Conjunction.

Jol Then how he prickt up his Long Leather-ears,
To hear us magnify the Ladies Wealth! Bez. & Jol. laugh.

Hct. My Friends; tis now no time to Laugh. There is Another Scene remains for you to act.

Jck. Give us our parts, we'll act em to the life.

Hct. I doubt it not. Come, let us straight retire, Unto my Chambre; & there I'll instruct you. ——
The ravenous Pike already has the bait
Betwixt his teeth: anon he'll swallow't down.
When he is caught, & made our Prey; we will,
My Lads, have Musique, Wine, & Mirth our fill.

Exeunt.

Act III. Scen. III.

Aimwell solus.

He enters Reading in a Book.

The Evils that generally attend upon Love, or the Courtship of Woman, are many & great. As Disquiet of Mind; Effeminacy of Spirit; Loss of Strength & Vigour; Decay of Industry; Unfitness for Business; Neglect of Domestique Prudence; Impairment of Estate; Ruine of Fame & Reputation; Danger of Strife & Quarrells; Contraction of Diseases; Anticipation of old Age; Shortness of Life; & tedious Repentance. The least of wch Evills being put into the Balance, doth vastly outweigh the Pleasure of Fruition; wch is but short, little, & not necessary. And, therefore, no wise Man ought to yield himself Captive to the Beauty of a Woman, or to conceive that Love is a Divine Passion,

& so to be indulged. To be in Love, & Wise at
the same time, is impossible. He, who preferr'd
{ Venus, quitted the Excellent Gifts of both Juno &
{ Pallas. _____ He shutts y^e Book.

Shall I then suffer this pernicious Spark,
W^ch is but newly kindled in my breast,
To glow, & spread itself into a Flame;
That, like dire Lightning, blacks the Heart it burns,
Consuming Man's best part of life, his Peace;
And in the room of sweet Tranquillity,
Leaving the bitter ashes of Remorse!
No! I will straight extinguish it, & raise
The Powrs of Reason & Philosophy,
To help me to expell out of my Phansy
That specious Image of this Womans Face,
W^ch this day, I stole into it through my Eyes. ____
And my dear Epicurus! Thou, who art He kisseth the Book.
The great Physician of a Mind perturbd!
My constant Oracle, & Rule of life!
How much ought I to honour thy great Name,
For giving me this sovraigne Antidote
Against th' infection of all Sensual Love!
Thou hast restord me to myself again,
In this one happy minute. _____ Enter AMNER.

Am. Sr. here is
The Ladies Maid, who din'd, to day, with you,
At Mr. BEZARS; she's importunate
To speak w^th you from her Lady.
Aim. Her Woman, sayst thou! And to speak with me!

'Tis very strange, upon so small Acquaintance!
Goe, bring her in. _____
What (in the name of Vertue) can this mean?
I can't imagine. But, whatere it be,
Thanks to my better Genius, & this Book,
I have set up my Resolution. _____ Enter VIOLETTA.

Act. III. Scen. iv.

VIOLETTA. AIMWELL.

VIOL. If this address, most Noble Sr. seem Strange,
And bolde, from one, who, till this instant day,
Were had the Happiness to see your Person;
And from a Lady too: pray, be so just,
As to impute it to that singlar Worth
Wch. she observd in you. 'Twas that, wch. both
Incited & encouragd her to send me,
To wait upon you.

AIM. Mrs. You excuse.
What I esteem an Obligation.
Pray, be you just; & give your Ladies act
A fitting name; call it â Favour to me.

VIOL. You, Sr. who Look with Eyes of Charity,
And Goodness upon all, may give't what name
You please: but your kind interpitation
Must not make me forget to style it Boldness,
As she commandd. However, she's blest

If you account it other: as would be
More happy yet, if Fortune would vouchsafe
Her frequent opportunities of Converse
With one of so great Prudence, as yourself.

Aish. I, Mistris, am a Melancholy Man,
Given to Books & Thoughts; therefore, unfitt
To please yong Ladies with my Company.
And, tweir a Rudeness in me, to infect
Others with the sowrenes of my Humor.

Viol. This will not doe, Sr. —— I must be plain. aside.
Sr. an occasion of no small importance.
Hath, this day, happned unexpectedly;
Wch my Lady needs some good Advice.
She is a Single woman, & a Stranger:
And confident, you are too Generous,
To let her want, what you so well can spare,
A little of your Counsil; She entreats
A visit from you, Sr. this Evening.

Aish. Though none be more unfitt to give advice;
Yet none shall be more ready, than Myself
To doe her all good offices, where my Will
Suffers no check from my defect of Power.

Viol. Your Virtues, Sr. shine through your Modesty.

Aish. Return my Service to her. Instantly
Ile come, & wait upon her. —— Exit Violetta.
The Ladies outside did not please me more,
An hour agoe, than her Maids inside now.
She hath three things, wch seldome meet in woman,
A nimble Witt to move her nimble Tongue,
And a good Judgement to direct her Witt.
She will discover Fortune should be more kind,

Than yet she seems to have been to so good Parts.

Enter WITHERNAM.

Act. III. Scen. V.

Aimwell. Withernam.

Now, Mr. WITHERNAM, have you done the work,
The Charitable work, of Bayling TRUMAN?

With. I come now from the Gate-house; where I find
An order issued from the Powers above,
This afternoon, to make him a Close-prisner.—
I could not be admitted to speak with him.

Aim. Close-prisner, say you? Know you for what cause?

With. His Keeper saith, the Order's very Strict;
And intimates suspicion of no less
Than Treason hault against le Parlament.
He's run himself into some Premunire.
Not his Prochein Amie, his next of Kin
(As we say in the Law) can help him now.
The Portreeves, or Governeurs del Roiaume
Have taken Livery & seisin of his Body,
Beyond the power of any Supersedeas.

Aim. He guilty of High Treason? Las! good Man!
He thinks of nought, but suffring his distress
With meekness, as becomes a Christian.
It cannot be. 'Tis some malicious trick
Of DISPENSATION SURFET's (on my life)
To hamper the poor Wretch in faster bonds.

WITH. Likely enough. For, SURFET's Politique;
A true Disciple of Nich. Machiavel.

AIM. Im sorry my good purpose is prevented;
But hope, that Time (wch brings all truths to light)
Will vindicate the poor Mans Innocence. —
Mean while let me entreat you to return
Straight to the Gate-house, & giue that Money,
I destin'd for the payment of his Fees,
To his griev'd Wife. They will not, sure, deny
Her free access t'her Husband?

WITH. I think not.

AIM. Enquire of her, what's laid unto his charge?
And who is his Accuser?

WITH. Sr. I will. — — — — — — — — — — Exit WITHERNAM.

AIM. If I can find this to be Surfets plott,
(As I do guess it is) it shall go hard,
But I will countermine his treacherous aime.
I'll watch the Hypocrite with narrow Eyes:
And, if he stumble, pluck off his disguise. — Exit.

ACT III. Scen. VI.

TUSCARA, VIOLETTA. Sr. RAPH.

TUSC. How found'st thou Mr. TINWELL, VIOLETTA?
As thou expectedst?

VIOL. Truely, Madame, no.

For (I confess) I could discern in him
No signs of any Amorous inclination;
His Looks were too Serene, & unconcern'd:
Yet he was highly Civil & obliging
In his profession of his readiness
To do you any Service.

Jusc. That's enough.
And will he come, & visit me?

Viol. This hour;
And (I dare swear) will be your faithfullest Friend;
If you rely upon him. Wherefore, I
Would have you treat him as your Confessor,
Acquaint him with the story of your life;
Your Misadventures past, your present wants;
The grand Design that now you have afoot,
To better your Condition. Tell him all.
It will oblige him to Fidelity.

Jusc. If he be truely Generous, it will.

Viol. I'll sooner doubt my Guardian Angells Truth,
And Secrecy, than his, in any trust.

Jusc. Thy Confidence begetts the like in me.
I will unlock the closet of my Breast,
And shew him all within: & then entreat
His wisest Counsel toward my relief.

Viol. Sick Men, who to Physicians goe for ease,
Must let them know the worst of their disease. — One knocks.

Jusc: I hope, he's come. Prithee, good Wench, look forth.

Viol O! Madame, 'tis that Mirrour of Knighthood,
That Reverend Ghost, we saw in Grays-Inn walks.

Jusc. He's come too soon. — However bring him in.

Viol First out with your rich Jewell; hang it here,

Upon your Breast, to cheat his purblind Eyes.
Now to your Couch, with a demure face:
And take occasion to shew BEZAR's Gold.— Knock again.
Fortune & Wit now help us.— Who is there?— Enter Sr. RAPH.
Sr. would you speak with any Body here?

Sr. RA. Dost thou, fair Maid, belong to the Dutch Lady?

Viol. I have the honour, Sr. to be her Servant. She detains him at the Entrance.

Sr. RA. Then, Girle, thou mayst help me to some speech
With her good Ladyship.— I'll reward thee well.—
Here's somwhat to begin with, to buy Pins. he offers her six pence.

Viol. My Ladies Servants want no money, Sr. She refuseth it.

Sr. RA. Th'are very happy then.

Viol. And if they did,
They scorn to be supplid by taking Bribes.

Sr. RA. Take Money from thy Betters, Maid. I am He offers it again.
A Man of Means & Worship, in my Country.

Viol. Whatere you are, I must not, Sr. be Fee'd She refuseth it, seems somwhat offended.
T'offend my Lady.— It is not her use
To suffer Men, & Strangers too, to come.
And interrupt her peace & Solitude.

Sr. RA. I come to doe her Ladiship more good,
Than all her Friends have done her, all her life.

Viol. I hope so. Else your worship should be hang'd, aside
Ere you should see her. I confess, you look,
As if you would not doe a Lady harm.—
You come to borrow Money, I believe.

Sr. RA. Goodsooth, I doe not.

Viol. If you doe, 'tis vain.
She has tane an oath, that she will never Lend

Her Money upon such small Interest,
As ten ith' hundred.

Sr RA. I commend her for't.
But come not here to borrow. —— See! here's Gold!
And that good Store! I am no needy Knight.
I can lend thousands, Maid.

Vio. Your Quality,
It seems, is better than your Habit speaks it.
That, Sr. together with your grave Aspect,
And reverend Years, shall, for this once, purvaile
For your admittance. —— There my Lady sits. He approaches the Lady, & makes 2 or 4 old-fashiond Reverences.

Sr RA Save you, Noble Lady.
Jusc. Sr. save you. He offers to kiss her, & she [putts him back.]
'Tis not my Custom, Sr. I pray, excuse me.

Sr RA. Refuse to kiss a man of Worship, Lady!
Although my Clothes be plain, I am a Knight;
And the first Knight that ever King James made,
When he set foot upon fair Englands ground.

Vio. [And you are come in quest of an Adventure, aside.
To rescue a fair Lady in distress.]

Sr. RA. My name is Sr RALPH PREETH.—Lady, I
Am come to doe you good. — Am I welcome?

Jusc. If that be your intention, Sr. You are.
Sr. RA. It is, it is, upon my Knighthood, Lady.
Jusc. Then, pray, sitt down, & let me Know wherein.
Sr RA. I care not to sit down. Though I am old,
I am as strong & lusty, as at twenty.
Jusc. [I wish you may be so:] yet please to sit. —— He sits down on the Couch by her: & VIOLETTA stands at one end of it.
Now, Sr. your Buisness. ——

Sr. RA. I come, Lady, to tell you of a Lad,
A slippery Lad too, who hath laid a Snare
T'entrap your wary feet; get first your Love,
And then your Person; with your whole Estate.
(He that gets me, you know, must have the other).
I know't for certain; for, he came to me
For counsel, how to manage his design.

Fusc. And you came hither to prevent him, Sr.?

Sr. RA. Forsooth, I did so; out of Conscience.
It goes against my Soul, to see a Widdow
Of your great wealth, got by a Prodigal,
Who, in a year, would spend you to your Smock.

Viol. [And yet it doth not goe against your Soul, aside.
To falsify a trust, supplant a Friend.]

Fusc. I thank you, Sr. but how shall I beware
Of his deceipt, unless I know his Name?

Sr. RA. You'll keep my counsel, Lady?

Fusc. That I will.

Sr. RA. It is one HOTLOVE, a poor younger Brother,
A very Spendthrift.

Fusc. I not know the Man.

Sr RA. Nor ever shall, ith way of Marriage,
If You'll be ruled by me.

Fusc. Marriage? Alas!
Shall I, who in my prime of Youth made choice
Of a grave, aged Husband

Sr. R. (Was her Husband) As turns to Violetta.
An old Man, then? Viol. He was. Sr. RA. I'm aside.
Glad of that. There's the more hope for me.

Fusc. Merely for his wisedom & discretion;

And who have yet scarce drid my mourning tears
For his dear Loss: now in my riper years
Think of a young, raw, unexperienc'd Man,
To fill his room! Goodness defend me from't!
Would Fate had been so kind, to Let me still
Have kept my first Grey-headed Love! Then I
Had been the Happiest Wife. —— But now
I am the most disconsolate Widdowe —— She weeps.

Sr. RA. These tears are dropps of Comfort to my Soul.
She can, I see, love an Old man.

Viol. Good Sr.
Forbear all mention of her dead Husband.
It doth brick ope the floodgates of her grief,
And make 'em stream afresh.

Fusc. Your pardon, Knight. —— She pulls out her handkerchief to wipe her Eyes, & dropps the Gold.
Sorrowe hath made me rude. ——
Take up here, Wench.

Sr. RA. [She's flush of Gold, I see.] Violetta gathers it up.

Fusc. And lay it in my little Cabinet,
In the same Drawer, where my Jewells are.

Sr. RA. Lady, you have an Exciut Jewell here. He putts on his Spectacles, & views the Jewell.
Pray, let me look on't. —— It is very rich.

Fusc. The first gift my dear Husband ever gave me. She weeps again.
In memory of whom I wear it still. ——

Viol. I think, Sr. you take pleasure in her tears; This she speaks a little Angrily.
You would not else seek new occasions thus
To call 'em forth.

Sr. RA. I don't, Goodsooth, I don't.

Fusc. Alas! Good Knight! He is not to be blam'd.

'Twas not the Jewell, that putt me in mind
Of my deceasd Love; but his graue Beard,
His Milk-white Head, his reverend Aspect,
His comely Nose, & his crechid Ears;
In all wch he resembles my blest Saint
So to the life; methinks it should be he.

Sr. Rt. Good! very good! much better than I hopd! aside

Vill. There is, indeed, a strange Resemblance, Madame,
Betwixt your Husband, & this aged Knight.
Their Eyes all one; their Stature alike tall;
Their Leggs & Armes the same in Slendernes,
And length; their Hands branchd with ye selfsame veins,
And Knotted in the joynts with ye same Gout;
Their Features, & their Wrinckles so alike,
As if their Faces had been formd, or cast
Both in one Mould. Twins were were more alike.
That, sure, hath some dark & great designe,
In bringing this Knight hither. I fear th' Event,
But wish it may proue doubly Fortunate.

Sr Rt. Better, & better! Doubly Fortunate! aside.
Those words opn a door unto my Suit.

Fusc. Did I not tell thee, Wench, my last nights dream?
How neer his come to pass? he weeps again.

Sr Rt. What was her Dream? Dreams are prophetical.

Vill. She dreamt, Sr. yt her Husband was reviv'd,
And came to bed to her. aside.

Sr Rt. That's a good Signe,
My suit will prosper. Lady be comforted;
He, who took one good Husband from you, may
Give you another full as good, perhaps,
A better.

Fusc. That, Sr. is impossible.

Had I one half so good, I should be Happy.

Sr. RA. What will you say, if I bring you a Man,
A Man of Min, Lady, who may compare
With your dead Husband, in all points of worth?

Viol. He must be thin a Coffin full of Bones; aside.
or like yourself, a walking Sceliton.

Sr. RA. Fully as Rich, as wise, as Provident?

Viol [As Cold, as Impotent,] [aside.]

Sr RA As Kind, as Good,

Viol. [As Stinking, & as Rotten,] [aside.]

Sr. RA. As Fond of you, & much more Honourable.
One, who can give your Ladyship a place
Above the Lady Majoress, at all Feasts!
And give his first Male got on your Body,
An ancient Coat of Arms, to grace their Blood?

Viol. With a Fools Head, an old Fools Head, for Christ. aside

Sr RA. What would you say to such a Man, Lady?

Jusc. I value neither Place, nor Titles, Sr.
Th'are vain & empty things. But could I see
That Man of Min, thus vastly qualified,
As you describe him; & withall as like
My Husband, as you are (so he must be)
I then should prize him, as sent from above.

Sr. RA. Behold him, then! Lady, I am the Man. He riseth up suddainly, as over joyd.
I claim your promise.

Jusc. How! my promise, Sr!

Sr. RA. That you would prize me, as sent from above. One knocks.

Jusc. See, wench, who 'tis, that knocks. And hear me.
If it be Timwell, he must not be seen.
Entreat his patience, for a minute, in my Chamber. Exit Viol.

Sr. RA. What say you, Lady? Shall it be a Match?
Happy is the wooing, that is not long adoing.

Fusc. But, Hasty Folk never want woe, they say!
Although the great Resemblance, that you have
Of my dead Husband, hath surpris'd my heart
With somwhat like Affection: yet, Grave Sr
You must excuse me, if I be not Rash.
First I must know you better; then consult
My Friends about the Matter.

Sr. Ra. That you need not.
Friends always make Love-suits too tedious.
You are at your own free dispose, & so
Am I too. Come, fair Lady, say the word.
Tis a done thing, on my part. Is it so
On yours too? Pish, hang all Second thoughts!

Fusc. That Face of yours (I think) has Witchcraft in't.
It robbs me of all power, & command
Over my Will. —— Yet you shall give me leave,
To ask my Pillows counsel, Sr. this night.

Sr. Ra. Then, I'll come hither in the prime of day,
To know your Answer.

Fusc. Without more delay;
I'll give it you; I hope, to your content. Violetta returns.

Sr. Ra. In the mean time, my Lady bright, let me
Begg one Kiss of you as a Seal of Love: —— He kisses her, & gives her money in a paper.
And leave this Token with you, as my Earnest;
Good night, my dearest, dearest, dearest dear. ——
Well, I am an old Blade yet, who can do more aside
In less than half an hour, with a Rich Widdowe,
Than twenty beardless Boys. —— Yong Mr. Heedless,
I think, I have outwitted your raw head.
I'll Laugh, when I have got her in my Bed. —— Exit Sr. RAPH.

Fusc. Wench, I can hold no longer; ha, ha, ha.

Vic. You must awhile; for, AINWELL is within.

Fusc. What have we here? Some single Pence new coyn'd. (he opens the paper.
Ha, ha, ha. Most bountifull old Bones!
Is this a Present for the Man of Men;
The Man of Means, & Worship, in his Country;
The first Knight, that ever King James made?
To give unto his Dearest, Dearest, Dear?

Vic. From him, Madame, it is â mighty Summe.
Take't you as Earnest of his Baggs to come.

Fusc. To catch â Miser, there is no device,
Like bayting, with Large Hopes, his Avarice.

Exeunt.

The End of the THIRD Act.

ACT. IV. SCEN. 1.

AIMWELL. FUSCARA. VIOLETTA.

In this Scene FUSCARA is habited in Night-clothes, a Sattin Mantle, & a Gown wth. Sylver lace.

AIM. The knowledg you, Madame, were pleas'd last night
To giue a Stranger, of your Low Estate;
And th' overtures now made to better it;
Argu'es a noble Confidence in You,
And claim's an Equal Faithfulness in Me.
Nor will I ever giue you Cause to think,
You haue misplac'd your Secrets on a Breast,
That could not keep them closer than your own.

FUSC. Your Virtues, Sr. are my Security.

AIM. That I then may requite so fair a Trust,
With as free Candor; giue me leaue, to tell you,
In the first place, I hold not WITHERNAM.
A Husband fit for you. For, all his wealth
(And that's not much) lies in his Canting Tongue,
His daggled Gown, & his green Buckram Bagg:
Nay, he lies under a great weight of Debts,
For wch. he is a Prisner ith Kings Bench.
To marry him, were but to change your state.
From bad to worse, from poor to Desperate.

FUSC. I'aue said enough. I'll think no more of him.

VIOL. Lord! what a shew the Vapring Lawyer makes!
What large Revenues yearly from old Rents,
Leases, & Improuements of his Lands;
What annual Incomes from great offices
In Courts of Justice, & from liberal Fees

Of noble Clients, doth he dayly boast?

Aim. Yet, Madame, I would have you still appear
Outwardly Civil to him.

Lusc. Sr. I will.

Aim. He may be of good use to you many wayes. ——
Then, for that Ghost of Knighthood, & Himself,
The Sordid BEETL, who delights in dung;
I like your entertainment of his suit,
And wish Success according to your Hopes.
For, He is rich in Muck; & should the Wretch
Repent his bargain, when he finds himself
Deluded in his avaricious aim;
Yet he must give you Maintenance, as his Wife.
The Law'll compell him to't. Nor ist a sin,
To raise your Fortune by an honest Match.
Your Youth, & Beauty, putt into y^e Scales
Against his Impotence, with all his wealth,
And Honour too, will make the balance even. ——
Provided, you shall add, what Heaven commands,
A Filial Reverence to him, as your Father;
A Tenderness of's Person, as your Child;
Obedience to his Pleasure, as your Lord;
A providence not to consume his Goods;
And, above all, a Matrons Modesty,
And Strict Fidelity unto his Bed.

Lusc. Sr. Let the sad Remorse I feel within,
For my past Follies; with my present vow
W^ch I call Heaven to witness) to reform em,
Prevail upon your Charity, to believe,
I firmly am resolvd, to observe
All duties of a good & virtuous Wife.

Aim. This vow of yours, Madame, I doe believe;
And therein promise you my best assistance,
In bringing your Designe to a good End.

Fusc. I cannot thank you, Noble Sr. enough;
Unless in following your Virtuous Rules:
But ever to requite you, I despair.

Aim. Good Actions, Madame, still requite themselves.
But to your Business; Did not you, last night,
Tell me, the Knight appointed to be here,
About this hour, to know your Resolution.

Fusc. He did so; I expect him every minute.
He will be also my old Servant, JOLLY.
And Mr. BEZAR, your Apothecary;
Both in Disguises, fitted to the parts
They are to act, as both will instructed
By Mr. HOLLOWE.

Aim. Does not he come too?

Fusc. That were not safe. For, should the wary Fox
But see him here, he Straight would smell the train.

Viol. Madame, your Friends are come.

Fusc. In a good hour. _____

Enter JOLLY, & BEZAR, the first habited like a Lawyer, in a Bar-gown: the other like a Merchant.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

FUSCARA. JOLLY. BEZAR. AIMWELL. VIOLETTA.

Fusc. I see, Sirs, you are punctual to your words.

Jol. We are ambitious, Madame, not to Lose
Our share of Glory in this Enterprise.

Of helping him once to deceive himself,
Who hitherto hath cozend all Mankind.
Nor would our fervent Zeal for your advancement
Endure, we should be Tardy, at this time.
Noble Mr. ALMWELL, I am your Servant.

BEZ. Votre très humble Serviteur, Monsieur.

AIM. But not now Sans design, I hope, Mr. BEZAR;
As you professe at other times.

BEZ. No, faith.
My Pericranium (or as the Vulgar say,
My Head) is gravidate with a Designe,
Or politique Stratagem, to elevate
This Lady to the Zenith of her Splendor.

AIM. She is ingagd t'you for't, & so am I
On her behalf.

BEZ. Then I divine, y^t you
Participate our Plott:

AIM. As to the main,
I doe, & will putt to my helping hand.

BEZ. Et tu Brute! And thou, my Sonne!
Art thou of our Conspiracy? Nay, then
Fortune & Fate, I bid you both defiance!
Jactum in nos ruat, we are safe.

Here BEZAR applies himself to court VIOLETTA.

AIM. Will it avail, Sr, if I stay with you?

VIOL. Your Presence, Sr will heighten that Esteem
The Knight hath entertaind of her Condition:
Perhaps too spurr him on with Jealousy,
You are his Rivall.

TRUSC. Not improbable.

VIOL. Besides, there may some Rubbs, & Scruples rise
Betwixt them, in their Treaty, unforeseen;

Wch. your Mediation may remove,
With less Suspicion, than ought we dare say.

Aim. I apprehend you; & will therefore Stay. One Knocks.

Fusc. See, VIOLETTA.

Viol. Madame, 'tis the Knight.

Jol. Each man to's province, then. BEZAR off
With your Cap, & pluck your Papers out.

Fusc. You must not seem to know 'em, Sr.

Aim. Fear not. _____ Enter Sr. RAPH.

Act. iv. Scen. iii.

Sr. RAPH. VIOLETTA. FUSCARA
AIMWELL. JOLLY. BEZAR.

After his Entrance, VIOLETTA entertains him a while, before she brings him to her Lady.

Sr. RA. Good morrow, Maid, Good morrow.

Viol. Sweet Sr. RAPH.

Sr. RA. How does's her Ladiship? what, stirring yet?

Viol. Two hours ago. She always riseth early.
So she had need, that hopes to outwit you. aside

Sr. RA. I'm glad of that. 'Tis a good signe, that She
Is a good Housewife; has a care oth Main.

Viol. And so she has. They that have great Estates,
And mean to keep 'em so, must sleep but little.

Sr. RA. Th'art in the right. _____ Ha! who are those stand? He sees JOLLY & BEZ. their

Viol. The one, Sr. is my Ladies Lawyer,
who brings her an account oth' good success
She's had in a Lawsuit, this Term. Th'other

Is her Factor, a Merchant of this Citty.
Sh'as almost done with em. Please you, to sitt,
Two or three minutes, in her Chamber, Sr.
Sh'll have dispatcht em straight.

Sr. RA. No, no, no. aside.
I will not slipp this opportunity
Of learning somwhat touching her Estate
I Love to hear all that concerns her.

Viol. If you'll endure the trouble, Sr. you may.
She has no Secrets, wch you may not know,
And welcome too. Madame, the Man of Worship. she presents him.

Sr. RA. Good morrow, Lady bright, whose Chrystall Eyne
Do the bright Rayes of Phebus farre, in prime of
day, outshine.

Thusc. You have surpriz'd me, Sr. I was engag'd
In some Affairs, with these Gentlemen:
Hoping to have dispatcht before you came.

Sr. RA. I can have patience, Lady, till y'have done.
I pray, go on. —— But, who's that Gentleman? he sees Ainwell.

Thusc. A worthy Friend of mine; Sr. Mr. Ainwell.

Sr. RA. JUSTINIAN AINWELL?

Thusc. Sr. the very same.

Sr. RA. I like him not. I fear, he is my Rival. aside.

Thusc. My chiefest Counsellor in all occasions.

Sr. RA. Her Counsellor? Im glad, he's not her Suitor. aside.
Save you, Squire Ainwell. I have heard
Much of your worth, & Learning; & am glad
To know your Person.

Ain. Fame is Charitable,
If it speak well of me; & so are You
If you believe it, Sr.

She turns to JOLLY.

TUSC. Well, Sr. Now this same Judgiment is obtain'd,
In Court, against VERNACK, my stubborn Merchant;
Pray, what am I the neer? when must he pay
The Money in?

Sr. RA. [I like that Question with.] [aside.]

JOL. Suddainly, Madam; or else we shall take
An Execution out against him fort.
Wch he's too wise not to prevint. Last night,
He came to me with a submissive offer,
To pay one half, to wit, twthe hundred pounds,
The Last day of this Term: & the other,
The first day of the next.

Here Sr. RAPH puts on his Spectacles, & writes in a Table-book.

TUSC. Must I then lose my Charges?

JOL. No, not a penny of those Charges, wch
The Court allowes you; nor the Interest
Of the remaining Moity, to the day
O'th second payment. Doth your Ladyship
Accept this offer?

TUSC. It seems Reasonable. ——
However this VERNACK hath shewn himself
Extreamly obstinate in this dispute:
Yet, 'cause my Husband Lov'd him, I'm content,
To take the Money, as he has propos'd.

Sr. RA. Lady, 'tis your best way, considering
The growing Interest, & that VERNACK
(I know him well) is a good sure Man.

JOL. So much for that, then. — Now, for the Accompts
Betwixt your Ladyship, & the Executors
Of the VAN LORE; they now are ballanc'd:
And the Summe due to you, exactly comes
To seventeen hundred, sixty, four pounds,

Sr. RA. writes.

Six Shillings, & three pence.

THUSC. I thought 'thad been
A great deal more.

JOL. W'aue cast it right, I m sure.

THUSC. Then did I cast it wrong. But, what say they
unto the payment? Haue they set a day?

JOL. They bigg your patience for six months more,
upon their bond.

Sr. RA. Lady, let me advise you;
Accept their bond; they all are Solvent Men.
But forget not to put the Interest in.

JOL. That, Sr. shall be my care.

THUSC. I am content,
It should be so. I loue to enjoy peace,
Though I pay dear for't.

JOL. Then, to morrow morn,
I'll take their bond, & wait upon you with't.
I should haue known your pleasure now likewise
About the odd three hundred pounds behind
In VANDER HEYDENS hand, the Butter-Merchant,
Living in Crooked Lane.

He writes again.

Sr. RA. VANDER HEYDEN? Him I doe not know.

JOL. But that I see this worshipfull Knight thinks long
untill he has your Ear.

Sr. RA. No, no, I dont.
On with your business. Buisnes must be done.

THUSC. That's a small summe; another time will serue
To think on that. ——— What are your papers, Sr?

BEZ. Your Ladyship may soon giue me dispatch.
This comes from Myn Heer CROWDORP, Burgomaster
of Roterdam, with a Bill of Exchange,
Charg'd upon Henrick VANDER GRUBB, Cheesmonger,
Dwelling neer Billingsgate.

Tusc. What is the Summe?

Bez. Six thousand Gilders, to be paid on sight.

Sr. Ra. Six thousand Gilders. What's a Gilder, trow? aside. He writes again.

Tusc. And why six thousand, when I bade you write
only for three? I shall not want so much.

Sr. Ra. This is a signe, she means not to stay long aside.
In England. Therfore I must be quick with her.

Bez. Here, Madame, is a Brief from HANS VAN GRAFT,
Banker of Amsterdam. wherein he saith,
The Fifty thousand Gilders, that you lent
The States, cannot be had this nine months yet;
But then they will not fail you.

Tusc. Very well.

Sr. Ra. Fifty thousand Gilders. Would I knew He writes again.
How much a Gilder is —— But 'tis no matter.
I'm satisfied, that she is vastly rich.

Tusc. Your pardon, Knight, for that I have so long She turns to Sr. Raph.
Abus'd your patience. Now I'm at your service.

Jol. Your Ladyship hath now no new Commands
Bez For me? Bez. Nor me?

Tusc. A word or two with both.

Sr. Ra. If she should now acquaint them with the Matter!
And they dissuade her!

Tusc. All here are my good Friends, whom I dare trust
In the most weighty Matters, that concern me:
And I love to do nothing in the dark ——
Doth either of you know this reverend Knight?

Jol. & Bez. By sight & Fame we doe.

Tusc. What have you heard concerning his Estate?

Jol. Common Report
Speaks him a mighty Money-lender, Madame;

And that's a certain Sign, he is not poor.

Bez. I, Madame, have been told, he also hath
A fair Estate of Land, in Lincolnshire.

Sr. RA. This very circumspect. I do perceive. aside.

Tusc. Enough. Im satisfi'd. What think you, Gent.?
Will this Knight make a Husband fit for me?

Alm. I am astonish't at your question, Madame!

Bez. You are not in good earnest, are you, Madame?
What will you marry with a Sepulchre?
This cold December, as your sprightly May
Will bring no fruit, unless't be Cockerkins.

Sr. RA. Young Man, old wood still yields the swetest fire.
Although my Head be white my Back is green.
The Sparks of Youth are not so far extinct
In me, but I can —— Ay marry, that I can,
As well as you.

Tusc. No more of such discourse. She seems offended.

Bez. Your Pardon, Madame; I spake out of Zeal.

Tusc. To your own Interest.

Sr. RA. Very likely so.

Tusc. Therefore, Sr RAPH, what think you of this Motion?
Here is a Noble Gentleman, Mr. ALMACH;
One void of prejudice, as unconcern'd:
Shall you & I refer ourselves to him.

Sr. RA. Content, content. I know no better way
To prevent Scruples, & cut off Delays.

Alm. If I must needs perform this thankless office;
Give me Leave, first to ask of you Sr. RAPH;
Do you well understand this Ladys Fortune?

Sr. RA. I think not of her Fortune. Tis her Beauty,
That I esteem above all Earthly things.
Were she not worth a groat, I'd marry her,
If she will but vouchsafe to marry me.

Aim. Is not this Policy? I fear you but dissemble.
Sr. Rt. Your Fear, Sr. is injurious to my Troth.
I swear, I love her meerly for Herself.
If She'll trust me for Fortune, I'll trust her.
This falls out patt, for me to save her jointure.
I pray, Sr. no more mention of Estate,
On either side.
Aim. Then Lady, what say you?
What is it, that doth move you, to embrace
This old Knights offer to make you his wife?
Is it his Wealth, or Love? Speak freely, Madame.
Tusc. Tis both together, Sr. Aim. Have answerd wisely.
Sr. Rt. She can dissemble too, as well as I: aside.
And says this only to conceal her Love
Unto my Person; & so cozen them.]
Aim. You, Gentlemen, can witness what they say.
Joh. & Bez. And will do't, if there be occasion.
Aim. By these your Answers (if I have spoke your thoughts)
I guess, you may be Happy in each other.
Sr Rt. There spoke an Angell! He seems transported with joy.
Aim. The four chiefest things
Requird to make Marriage a happy State,
Are Beauty, Love, Wealth, & Equality
of Years. Now, the three first of these conspire
To bless the Union you intend to make.
That You bring Beauty, Madame; is most clear.
That You, Sr. Rapt, bring Cordial Love, & Wealth;
None ought to doubt: since you have sworn the one,
An all presume the other. For the Last,
To wit, Equality of Years; I must confess,
That is not to be found betwixt you two:
Yet none ought to find fault with that Defect,
If You, Madame, supply his Coldness, by

Subduing your desires to the same rate
Of Chastity with his.

Fusc. I'me don't already Sr.

Aim. Then joyn your Hands, & Heaven joyn your Hearts.

Sr. Rt. If our Match proue not Happy, I am cozend. He joyns hands with Fuscara, & kisses her.
Now am I yonger by a score of years,
Than when I rose this morn; & richer far,
Than Princely Pluto with fair Proserpine,
Or Roughby Jason with his Golden Fleece.

Jol. Excess of Joy makes you Poetical.

Sr. Rt. I haue been, Sr. a Poet from my cradle:
And can yet sing unto the Cittern. For,
It fitteth well, & is a seemly thing,
For Knights, whose prowess spurrs em on to feats of warre,
To haue the skill, sweet Sonnits for to sing,
And strike the Harp, without a jangling jarre.

Jol. Most Excellent! Good Knight, are these your own?

Sr. Rt. My own! I see you dot not know me, Sr.

Aim. Resume your serious thoughts. When is the day
For celebration of your Marriage?

Sr. Rt. You, Lady mine, shall nominate the day.

Fusc. I haue resigned my will to yours, in all things.

Sr. Rt. Then will not I defer my joyes one hour.
Come, lets to Church.

Fusc. Alas! I am not dress't.

Sr. Rt. But, I am all on fire, & cannot hold.
Come, come to Church, & dress you afterward.

Jol. Are you provided of a Priest? Sr. Rt. yes, yes.
I am acquainted with a Gifted Man,
Whose pure hands shall sanctify our Match.

Jol. Who is this Saint?

Sr. Rt. Tis Mr. Surfet, Sr.

Ile go afore, & bring him to Brides Church.

Joh. And we will meet you there, with your fair Bride.

Sr. Ra. You noble Sr. (I hope I will be her Father.

Aim. At your request, Ile give her to your hands.

Tusc. One word in private, Sr. with you.

She whispers with Aimwell, who takes a Diamond Ring from his finger, & delivers it to her.

Sr. Ra. This is to have a Head-piece. Now have I outwitted this rich Widdow, & her Council. This my Dispatch (wch I pattern'd from Love) Prevents her flying off, on second thoughts; Saves me a Joynture, & the great Expences Of wedding Clothes, Dinner, Gloves, & Favours; And in one hour gives me possession Of both the Indies. Happy man am I! That Nature made her dead Husband, & me Sooner alike. I will, dearest mine, I goe; To follow thy own True-Love, I pither, be not slowe.

Exit Sr. RALPH.

Jes. I wonder, I thank thee; thou hast saved my Lungs; wch violent Laughter otherwise had cracked.

Mrs. TUSCAN puts on her hoods, & prepares to goe.

Aim. This are, indeed, some Follies so absurd, That they transcend Ridiculous, & instead Of Laughter, raise fixt Admiration, In the observers Mind. And this Knights hast To over-reach himself, is one of those. But, let us now suspend all grave Remarks, And hast to Church, to consummate the work.

Joh. What think you, Sr. of sending Monsieur BEZAR, The while, to TOM, the Vintner, to bespeak His best Room for us, & the Sun-Musick; That we may Laugh, & drink the Bridegrooms health! Mirth at a Wedding is most seasonable.

Aim. I'm not against a glass of wholsom Wine, And sober Mirth, at such a time as this.

JOL. Thin, BEZAR, goe; make hast. Come, Lady bright, Exeunt all but Aimwell.
will take a Coach a'th door. ——

Aim. Is DISPENSATION surest, then the Man,
Must tye this Knott? —— Fortune may be so kind,
To give me some advantage over him. ——
The darkest thoughts, & most conceald Designe
Of cunning Heads, are oft disclos'd in Wine. Exit.

Act. IV. Scen. IV.

STUM. TURNSOL, his Drawer.

Turnsol brings in Cloth & Napkins & covers the Table

STUM. Dispatch, Dispatch. For, instantly here will be a Knot of Gallants, whose hearts, it seems, are set upon a merry pin already. The Musique they have sent for, & the hints I'll give em, shall wind their Spirits up to the height of Jollity. I'll stick em up, ifaith. Now bring the Cistern in, to keep the Bottles cool, & give the wine the Freeze. Then set good store of Glasses on the table, & those good large ones. —— And hear you, TURNSOL; forget not one of those thriving Lessons I have taught you.

TURN. I have em perfect, Sr. I warrant you.

STUM. Then for the Draughts of Wines. If the Gallants call for Choyce Canary, be sure, you draw of that Pipe in the inner Vault, wch two nights since, we cutt of its Lumpishness, & Flying Lee, with the White Curroll of Limestones, the whites of Eggs, & Milk.

TURN. 'Tis hardly Tuned. I tasted it this morning.

STUM. Pish, fine enough. But, if it Prick a little; to every Quart you draw, add a Spoonfull of Sweet: & then it will drink smooth, & Racy. That Pipe I must have vnbed within three dayes; else it will grow foul again, & kick up the heels. _____ If they ask for the best Paris wine; bring em of that New-scented Terse, we filld up, yesterday, with Rochel white, & an infusion of Turnsol in Red wine: & to make it drink Brisk, putt in a little quantity of Juice of Pullis. _____ If for Renish; then bring of the Hoggshead marked with Heckamore, at the bottom of the Stairs.

TURN. That wch was brewd, last week, of Coniack White, & clarified Honey: scented with the strongest Brimstone Match; & enriched with Elder flowers, wch give it the right Rhenish flavour.

STUM. The very same _____ When I comment Lusena wine, & send you forth, pierce the Butt of old decayd Sherry, wch (to give it new life) was lately Racht upon Canary Lees, & tricked with the Parrill of Gray salt, Roch Alum, calcind Alablaster, & Isinglais.

TURN. I know the Butt from all the rest in the same Range by the Tile-stone lying upon the Bung.

STUM. Th'art in the right. _____ Some of the Company are here already.

Enter WITHERNAM & BEZAR.

TURN. Very welcome, Gentlemen:

Act. iv. Scen. v.

STUM. TURNSOL. WITHERNAM BEZAR.

STUM. Nath! Mr. BEZAR! y'are very welcome.

TURN. What wine will you please to drink, Gentlemen?

BEZ. Captain STUM! vostre Vallet tres humblement.

WITH. What mean these Preparations here? Ghave you
More Company to come?

BEZ. A Friend or two;
who are resolv'd t'indulge their Genii here;
Malax their cares with pure Castalian dew;
And wind up sullen Nature to the top,
Or Summity of th'Atmosphere of Joy.

TURN. What wine will you please to drink, Gentlemen?

WITH. But are they Friends of mine, aswell as yours.

BEZ. More yours, than mine, upon my Honour. what?
D'you think, JACK BEZAR is so Rustical,
To introduce you among Aliens,
Facies ignote, & Humors Heterogene?

WITH. When I am in Strange company, methinks,
I'm under Covert Barn, as it were;
Not Sui juris, at my own dispose,
As we say in the Law. But, who are they?

BEZ. Come, I'll emancipate you from suspense. They whisper.
Mark in your ear.

STUM. What is your Drink? A glass of divine Sack?
Immortal Claret? Love-inspiring White?
The generous Rhenish? Fragrant Rippouras?
Gentle Verdea? Sweet Frontiniack?
The lusty Tent? Or Unctuous Malago?
The sanguine Malmesey? or the eager Greek?
I have em all in their perfection,
In puris naturalibus, as they flowd
Each from his proper Grape. — Speak Gentlemen.
But give the word; & I will please your palates.

BEZ. Patience a while, good Captain! we expect
The advent of our noble Friends; & then.

STUM. At your own time. ——— Exeunt STUM. & TURNSOL.

WITH. Married, say you? And to that Scarabe,
My Uncle, Sr. RAPH BEETH?

BEZ. On my honour!
The Priest by this hath tied the Gordian Knot.

WITH. Wonder, & Rage distract me! Cursed Dogg!
Wast not enough, that he, by wrack fraud,
Long since depriud me of my Patrimony;
But he must also spoyl my Matrimony,
By wch I hopd to raise myself again?

BEZ. Be more Sedate; your loss is not so great,
As you opine. For, to my certain Knowledge,
She rose this morning clearly Judotate,
Or (as the vulgar speak) not worth a groat.
Besides her Skin. Your Uncle's mumpt, ifaith.

WITH. Not worth a groat? This staggers my belief
Of what you say about her Marriage.

BEZ. By Jove, 'tis true. She hath no Dowre, but what
Dame Natures bounty gave her, at her birth.

WITH. Where are those many Thousands, then, so talkd of?

BEZ. E'en where they were. ith' Treasury of Fame.

WITH. She hath, then, an Estate in Nubibus,
As we say in the Law.

BEZ. In Aëre;
Somewhere within old Trismegistus Circle,
As we say in Philosophy: perhaps,
In one oth New-found Islands in the Moon.

WITH. Then am I doubly Happy, first in that,
I have escapd a Ruine: next, that He,
Who betraid me, is now himself betraid.
Next to Revenge, nothing can be more sweet,
Than to behold the Authors of our Wrongs
Severely scourgd, by Fate, with their own rodds.

BEZ. Vindictive Joy, I see, is most intense;
For, with it you are grown Sententious.
But Siste gradum — Here the Bridegroom comes.
Take you no notice of what I have told you.
He'll soon proclaim his Marriage t'you himself.

Enter Sr. RAPH, FUSCARA JOLLY, SURFET, AIMWELL, VIOLETTA, TURNSOL.

Act. iv. Scen. vi.

TURNSOL. Sr. RAPH. AIMWELL. JOLLY.
SURFET. BEZAR. WITHERNAM. STUM.
FUSCARA, VIOLETTA.

TURN. Very welcome, Gentlemen. What wine?
Sr. RA. My Kinsman, WITHERNAM! How came you hither?
With. By Accident; my Friend here meeting me
i'th Street ——
BEZ. The Goddess, Contingency, Sr. & I
Conspir'd to bring him, to participate
of our Festivity:
Sr. RA. Nay, nay, I am glad
To see him here. —— Kinsman, this Lady bright
Is now your Aunt, & so you may salute her.
With. Then I presume, Sr. that she is your Wife.
Sr. RA. Good-sooth, she is. Thanks be to my own Wit.

WITHERNAM salutes FUSCARA.

For, now the deed is done, I dare proclaim,
No Mortal Man had the least finger in't,
Besides myself.

But You'll.

JOL. But, Youll allowe, yt. Fate.
Had a whole Hand in the Designment of't!
For, Marriages (you know) are made in Heavin.

Sr RA. They are, goodsooth; Else this could neire have bin. —
But, Mr. SURFET, I desire, yt you
would give me here a full Certificat,
Under your hand, yt you this day, have made
Us Man & Wife, according to the Law.

SUR. I will, according to the Directory.

Sr. RA. I ask it for the more Security.

TURN. Here's pen, & paper, Sr.

SUR. I must attest, yt I have been the Means,
To Capacitate you, & this your weaker Vessel,
To enjoy the Mistry of the Saints,
I'th' carnal way of Fellow-membership.
I have pulld off your Figg-leaues, as it were. — He sits down, & writes.

AIM. Rare Canting, this, t'expres a Marriage!
But hear you, WITHERNAM; one word with you. AIM. & WITH. go aside, & whisper.

Sr. RA. Come, Lady mine; Let us sitt down ye while. —

JOL. The Captain's come. Prithee, observe his Quacking. Enter STUM. bringing four bottles of wine; &c he sits in the Cistern.
For cheating with hard words, & with false wares,
He will outdoe a Mountebank. — Captain STUM!
Why so long absent? what, neglect your Friends?

STUM. I have been busy, filling twelue dozen of Bottles,
For the great Duke of Florence's own drinking,
Of rich Canary, true Ambrosia.

JOL. Doth the Duke, then, send hither for his wine?

STUM. 'Las! He & I hold Correspondency;
I send him Sack, he sends me Vin de Est,
Or Montefiascony, or Verdea:
I send him Bottles, he returns me Flasks.

Prez. A good Exchange.
Stum. I hope ere long to found
A Commerce also with the King of Spain.
Joh. For Spanish Wines?
Stum. Yes, Sr. for Spanish wines.
For, what with the frequent Workings of the Sack,
At Sea; & what with an Art I have,
To give't a whiter colour to the Eye;
The Wine is Metamorphos'd, & becomes
So unlike Sack, a Spaniard cannot know it.
Jol. What Wines are those you bring us in these Bottles?
Stum. Here is a Glass of rare Canary, pure, He opens one of the Bottles, & fills out a glass.
Rich, mellowe, brisk, oyly, & yet sparkling;
Gentle as Milk; transparent as a Diamond;
And hath a Flavour, that perfumes the room;
Like that of the transplanted Rhenish Grape.
It grew on the warm side of Tenariff. ——
Whoere will lay me down upon the nayl,
Fifty six pounds in Gold, I'll not buy the Pipe.
Taste it, & bid defiance to Physicians —— They taste the wine.
Joh. 'Tis much too sweet.
Prez. Excessive, Luscious sweet.
I'll lay my life, Y'have put your Namesake in't;
A little Stum.
Stum. No more than in your Eye,
I swear by ~~Heaven~~ Bacchus. That Equivocation aside
They understand not. —— Then here is Claret,
The King of France has none such in his Cellar.
Joh. That may be true. For, I have heard, that He
Has all the Wine, he drinks, from Cabarets,
Fetch't day by day, fresh as he useth it:
Or else, perchance, he has none half so bad.
Stum. This is true Vine de Bon. —— That Champanian. He points to the bottles.

The other natural Vin de Hermitage,
wch grew ith' Vinyards of the Celestines,
Not far from Mants. This very morn, I drew
Six dozen of each for the Lord Lumleys use.

Joh. [This is most extent sport, as ere I heard. aside.

Pez. A rare Decoy, to make men drunk by th Ear.

Joh. [See, see! How SURFET's Eye is on the bottles!
Ill set the Sack ats Elbowe.]———

Pez. And I'll write down all STUN's hard Names for Wines; He writes in a Table-book.
They have a Lofty sound, & will doe well
T' embellish my discourse among the Wits.—— Here SURFET steals a bottle to his nose, & drinks profoundly.

Lim. Y'are certain, then, that SURFET is the Man? aside.

WITH. I search'd the Book, at the Committy, Sr.
And found his Name to th' information.

Lim. Malicious Villain! I'll be even with him.
How d'you, Sr RAPH! Caressing your fair Bride?

Sr. RA. Im telling her yt now I am so Happy, SURFET drinks again,
As that I have but two things more to hope.
The one is Paradise, above the Clouds.
The other is some Issue from her womb.

Joh. Were you but half so sure of the First,
As of the last; you were a Happy Man.
I cannot say, what Children you may have;
But as for Issue, I dare undertake. & again.

Pez. Why Captain. Here's a Glass for Mr. SURFET!

SUR. A bigger, Pray. My Stomach's cold & raw— & again.
This has refresh'd me Muchly. Here, Sr. is
A full Certificat.———

TUSC. I thank you, Sr.——— TUSCARA takes the Certificat, & gives it to Finwelh.

Lim. Please you, Madame, to let me read it ore.

Sur. Of all our Creature-Dispensations, ——
Or Under-moon Comforts, that the Saints enjoy;
There's none doth more rejoyce the heart of Man,
Or fit him (as it were) for—— Publique ——Duties
Than this good ——Creature ——Oh! what shame it is,
The Wicked should abuse it by Ex——esses!

At all these Breaches he Belcheth.

Tris. Now he's half drunk, he rails against Excesses.

Joh. Let him alone, & seem not to observe him.
We're dull, methinks. Here I begin a Health
To the new-married Couple.

Bez. Come, away with't,
Quoth Washington —Fill every man his glass.
We'll drink at once; 'tis ala mode de France.

Sur. Healths are prophane, & superstitious;
A Pagan Relique of Idolatry.
My soul abhorrs all Healths. I may not drink it.

Ain. For what you please. You have your Liberty.

Sur. The Creature's good —— yea very good (as't were)
In its own Selfness; if it be receiv'd
With pure hands, & moderation:
Therefore I will receive't, for Conscience sake.

He drinks off his glass.

Bez. Not have a drop, an't were a Pulpit full.

Trish. Captain, have you nothing that's ready dish,
To stay our Stomachs? No cold, savoury bit?

Sur. The Motions good, truely. I like it well.

Joh. Ay! by all means a Shoehorn for the Wine.

Trish. What will you have? A brace of Norway Tongues?
A crisp Westphalia Ham? Rare Caveare;
Drest with Gant oyl, & juice of Pomecitrons?
A jowl of Hamburgh Sturgeon, fat as Butter?
A smoakt Bolognian Sawcidge? old Botargo?

A red Deer Pye? A dish of pickled Scallops?
A Pott of Wheat-Ears bak't, will melt like Sugar?
Some Beccaficos? or some Cyprus birds?
A Collar of wild Bore? An Oyster pye?
A pott of bak't Tertufilies, come from Spain?

Bez. The words sound nobly; & I must not lose em. He writes again in his Table book.

Sum. A plate of Lucar olives? Parmazan?
Champignions, with Mustard of Dijon?
A cold Hen Pheasant, hash't with Eyl & Limon,
And Gravy, ala mode de Huguenote?

Jol. He's out of breath. And now I dare be hang'd,
If he has half these things that he has nam'd.

Ain. Nay, if he know but what they are, 'tis well.

Jol. Doth he not play the Mountebank most rarely? aside.

Ain. Better than Scaramuch, or Trevlin.

With. I wish, I had his Tongue:

Jol. And Impudence.
They would enrich a Lawyer in one Term.

Sum. Speak, Gentlemen. Pleas you, to make your choice?

Omn. Bring what you please. We are indifferent. Exit Sum.

Jol. Welcom, ye Sonns of Orpheus. Come, strike up.—Enter Musick.
Louder, you Varlets. Make the welkin rear.——

Viol. Mark, how the Saint is tickled with the Fiddles. Sum returns, with
Bez. And what an Extent stroke he has with's Teeth. Turnsol: ye one bringing in a Westphalia
Jol. Marriot was nothing to him.—Come a Song.—— Gammon, Mustard, & sugar:
the other 3 Mince pyes.
The Company sit, & eat.
The while Turnsol
steals away 2 Bottles of
wine.

The Song.

The Singer holds a Hour-glass of Sack in his hand; & drinks it so soon as ye Song is ended.

Thou Soul of Mirth! Cato was wont (saith Fame)
To thaw his frosty Virtue with thy Flame.
Thou with pleasing force dost sound
The closest Breast, & most profound.

No Heart, if charmd by thee, can Envy beare;
Nor injury from others Envy fear.
Despairing Minds thou dost restore
To Hopes; & Courage to the Poor.

Sch: warmd with thy Emboldning spirits, sings,
Fearing no rage of Warre, nc Frowns of Kings.
Bacchus thee shall entertain,
And Venus too, if in the vein.

The Graces also, those sweet Powrs that knit
The firmest Knots of Love) by thee shall sit;
And Tapers burning: All shall stay
With thee, blest Liquor, till't be day.

CHORUS.

Lett's drink. For, when our Souls with Wine are armd,
All Passions, but Love & Joy, are charmd.
Life is but short. Then more Wine giue;
For, ere we die, 'tis fit we liue.

Jol. This Song hath hitt my Humor, to a hair.
Aim. Anacreon & Horace. chiefe to make it,
Wild If I guess right. Dez. Ile get a Copy of't.

Sur. That Horace was a Heathen, & a Papist.
Aim. Heathen, & Papist both! Why, that's a Bull.
Sur. And are not Bulls Papisticall?
Aim. Yours is not.
But why doe you think Horace was a Papist?
Sur. Because he was a Roman.
Aim. Very good. And why a Heathen?
Sur. 'Cause he wrote in Latin; wch is a Heathin Language.
Aim. You are a good Logician, I perceive.
Sur. Nay, I defy all Logick, tis profane,
And doth encumber Gifts, yea (as it were)
Darken Newlights, that shine in th' Inward Man.
Aim. It shews your Newlights to be darknes rather.
Tusc. Dear Sr. forbear. You spoil his sport, & ours,
To make his Tongue thus interrupt his Teeth.
Joh. Come, Singleton. one sprightly Sarabande,
And then goe in, & rosin with a bottle.

is plaid:
wch being ended, Exeunt Musicians.

While ye Musick plays, Surrey seems to talk to Tuscara who gives him two of ye Minc'd-pies, wch he puts into his pocket, having first made room for them, by pulling forth a Letter-case, wch he leaves on the Table.

Vict. This Hypocrite clearly unmasks himself.
He damns Minc'd-pies; & yet he hath eat one,
And begg'd two more, to carry to his Wife.
He cramms his Guts up to his very throat,
And betwixt whiles inveighs against Excess.
Is this your precious Saint? your Gifted Man? Surrey is drunk, & visith ye staggers.
Your Hotherforth? ——— Upon my life, he's Drunk!
Joh. Drunk as a Suburb Sow with grounds of Ale.
Aim. Full of the Creature. Sur. I am call'd away —

Upon the suddain. —— I feel a Motion. ——

Joh. To vomit, I believe. With. this wine will work
With By way of Surrendry, or of Ejection,
As we say in the Law.

Sr. RA. Good sooth, he seems a little overcome.

Sur. The Tempter hath prevailed. Joh. Takehed, takehed;

Joh: Backsliding's very dangerous. —— So he's gon. Exit SURFET.

Aim. But, he hath left his Letter-case behind,
Wch I'll be bold to search. There may be in't
Some paper of good use in my designe.

He opens ye Letter-case, & takes out 5 papers: reading yt Titles of them, one after another

(1)
Choice Maxims taken out of Machiavel, in order to the attaining Lion-power, by Serpent-wisedom.

(2)
Arguments against Monarchy; collected out of Bodin, to be instilled into the People, as New-light Notions, in order to a Through-reformation.

(3)
Arguments for ye deposing of Kings, gathered from Molina, ye Jesuit; to be prest upon ye People, as Liberty-fundamentals, in order to carrying on the work: given me by my Brother, Hugh Peters.

(4)
Certain choyce Cases of Conscience, out of Escobar, ye famous modern Casuist; for ye comfort of such of the Sisters as fall, not out of meer Fleshly-mindedness, but of ye Yearnings of Bowel-Loving-kindness.

(5)
A Catalogue of Books to be recommended to ye Brethren.

whilst he is reading, Sr. RA. counts Fusc: & Bez. counts viol.

Now, Gentlemen; what think you of this SURFET?

Joh. I can scarce think at all; I am amaz'd!
Prodigious Villain! Hellish Hypocrite!

With. Had I not seen this, I could never believe't.
If he be not a Jesuit, I'll be hangd.

Bez. A Devil incarnate. a Seducer rather!

Jol. The Titles are so good, I pray, let's read
The whole Contents

Aim. We have not time, at present. —— Hold, here is
one paper more, ith bottom of the Case. ——

He draws forth another Paper; reads ye superscription: & seems transported with Admiration.

For my own dear Ad, TAME-THE-FLESH
HOLDUP. ——————

Just Heaven! I adore thy Providence,
In giving me this opportunity
Of doing a good work. ——I have it! I have it!

With. What have you met with?

Aim. A Discovery
Beyond my hopes. —Here, WITHERNAM, is that
Will the imprisond TRUMAN soon restore
To both his Freedom, & all his Arrears.

Jol. What is't? what is't? Aim. That you shall know anon.
Mean while his fit we wait upon Sr. RAPH,
And his fair Bride, unto her Chamber.

Jol. I
Will see ye Reckning paid, & bespeak supper;
Then follow straight.

Aim. You'll find me at my Lodging.

Sr. Ra. Come Lady mine; we'll home, & take a Napp.

Jol. And when you wake, beware an After-clapp. Exeunt omnes.

The End of the FOURTH Act.

Act. v. Scen. 1.

Amner. Surfet. Witherham.

Am. You know whose Hand this is (Sr.) I presume. *He shows him a paper.*

Sur. Not I truely. *Sur. Starts.*

Am. What means your Starting then?
Were there no other Evidence, Your Fear
Alone might serve to testify your Guilt.

Sur. I may deny my Hand, yea & forswear't, *aside*
Rather than be dishonourd. Tis ye judgment
Of Escobar, ye famous casuist.
I doe professs. ——

Am. You shall not now professs
So grosse a falshood. Charity forbids
To let you rashly aggravate your Sin,
By heaping Perjury upon your Lust.
We come to heal (if it be possible)
Not to dilate, nor multiply your wounds.

With. Let this convince you. Did not you, this day, *He shows ye Certificat.*
Write (in my sight) this same Certificat
Of Sr. Ralphs Marriage to the Dutch Lady?

Sur. This day, I see, will prove a day of wrath. *aside.*
Yea, I confess. I did. But, what of that?

With. And are not That, & This one Character?

Sur. I am convicted. — Great Confusion *aside.*
Of face hath taken hold of me. — Alas!
The Spirit is departed from me, &

Hath left me to endure Rebuke & Shame.

ADM. Be your own judge. Are not the Contents
A Demonstration, under your own hand,
That you live in ~~vsed~~ Adultery
With HOLDUP's Wife, one of your Holy Sisters?

SUR. The things too plain. But, Brethren, pray, consider
The Doctrine of a Right Intention;
Wch takes away the Sinfulness of Sin,
And justifies the most unlawfull Acts. —
I have gon in unto my Neighbours wife,
But with a good intent, to save her Soul.

ADM. Is ~~vice~~ ye way, then, to ~~happiness~~.

SUR. Th' Occasion this. For, Brethren, there's a State,
Wch we do call Carnal Security;
Wherein the Soul is lulld asleep (as 'twere)
In petty Sins: & to awake her from
That Lethargy, & make ye Conscience feel
Those little Sins; sometimes one Great one may
Be a good Remedy. — For Application;
I found our Zealous Sister, HOLDUP's Wife
Insensible of deep Compunction:
And to awake her to a right Feeling,
It seemed good, to let her fall into
Adultery, that works, & pierces deep,
Yea pricks unto the Quick, (as one may say)

WITH. This Doctrine came from Hell.

ADM. But, let that pass.
Will this your Rectifid Intention
Excuse you to the World? Save you from Shame?
And publique Infamy; wch you most fear?

SUR. Ah! there's the point! Beloved, pray, consider
The Scandal this may bring upon the Cause,
The good Old Cause: & don't divulge my Shame.—
I will doe any thing you shall require,
If you'll restore that Letter, & be silent.

ANN. We will doe both, on one Condition;
And that a very just one too.

SUR. I pray,
Name it, & I'll submitt, whatere it be.

ANN. In brief, 'tis this. There is an honest Man
A pious, learned, orthodox Divine,
On whom you have accumulated Wrongs;
(I need not name em): now, but doe him right,
And you shall seal our Lipps forever up,
And bury in oblivion this your Shame.

SUR. 'Tis TRUMAN, whom he means. But how comes he aside
To understand my dealings with that Priest?
I thought my Actings had been invisible
To all Eyes but my own.—

ANN. What say you to my Proposition?

SUR. I must comply. He that avoids a Storm,
At sea, must take any small Creek for Harbour.
I doe submitt unto't most willingly.

[aside.]

WITH. drawes forth 3 papers written: w^ch ANNER takes & shews one after y^e other.

ANN. Then signe & seal these Papers instantly.

SUR. First let me hear what they contein.

ANN. You shall. —— This is a Generall Release
From You to TRUMAN, of all Actions,
Suits, Claims, Demands, Debts, Judgments, Forfeitures,
From the beginning of the World, unto

This present day. —— This is a Bond, wherein
You doe oblige yourself to pay unto
Th' aforesaid TRUMAN, all Arrears are due
Of his Fifth-part, for five years past & gone,
At three months end, without delay or fraud.

SIR. This goes against the hair. —— But must be done. aside.
Better lose some with peace, than all with infamy.

ATT. This Last is a Certificate, y^t you
On false Surmises, & Suggestions,
Gave private information to the State,
That TRUMAN was engaged in a design
Of Treason 'gainst the present Government:
But now you find, that he is innocent
Of that, & all offenses of that Kind;
That so, on sight thereof, the Committee
May order his Enlargement. —This is all.

WITH. Nothing's acquird of you, but what is just.

SIR. 'Tis Providence hath putt me in your hands;
And I must bend unto the Means, how hard
Soere they seem, in order to y^e Cause. —— He signes y^e writings & delivers them to WITHERNAM.

ATT. My Masters Plott succeeds, as he could wish.
And I am highly pleasd with the success.
Let Lovers magnify Fruition;
Misers their gold; Souldiers Victory;
Ambitious men their Power; Scholars Applause;
Drunkards good Wine; Vindictive men Revenge;
I envy not their Dreams of Happiness:
Give me the joyes of Virtuous Innocence,
Conjoyn'd with Charity. — For, I have found,

Of all Delights I ever understood,
The Greatest doth result from doing Good.
Thanks to my Masters Precepts, & Example.

WITH. Here are the Writings duely signd & seald.

AM. Then take your Papers, &c. & be afraid
Of our Silence & Oblivion.

SUR. The Manna-dropps of Peace, & Brotherly-Love
Be showrd upon you, as the Latter Rain. —
Now after this great Tribulation,
I will goe home unto my LOVE-THE-SAINTS,
To sit a use of Consolation. —— Exit SUR.

WITH. Now all that does remain for us to doe,
Is to deliver these to TRUMANS wife.

AM. Lets then goe to y^e Gatehouse with em straight. Exeunt.

ACT. V. Scen. II.

HOTLOVE. TUSCARA.

HOT. Now, my TUSCARA, the glad hour is come,
For me to take possession of that Bliss,
W^ch is y^e Lovers true Elysium. —
A Bliss, w^ch in Fruition so transports
The ravishd Soul, y^t she seems Lost therein,
Yet not desires to find herself again,

But dreams Perfection in that Ecstasy.
A Bliss so high, none can tell what it is,
But those who feel it; nor (indeed) can they
Retain its Image longer than they feel it.

Come, then, LUSCARA; spread thy Ivory Armes,
To bid me welcom to thy Heaven of Love:
Then clasp them round me, like the Zodiack;
And crush me till I'm fixt unto thy Sphere,
Where we will twine like a new Gemini.

Uncloud, uncloud those panting Hills of Snow; *She offers to touch her Breasts;*
And I will thaw em with ten thousand Kisses,
Until a fragrant Balm sweat from their ports,
To moysten & perfume the Milky Way,
Where I may wander Long, yet never stray.

Why art Thou slow in yeelding up a Fort,
Wch never can hold out, unless with mann'd?
Thy twinkling, & half-clouded Eyes confess, *Points to her Eyes;*
Thy Flames are great as mine, though more conceal'd.
That crimson Blush, that overflowes thy Cheeks
(Like a red Wave broke on a Cliff of Chalk)
Speaks a high Tide of Wishes in thy Blood.
And this warm Dew extilling from thy Palme, *& takes her by the Hand.*
Is a clear Signe, Thou art consenting ripe.
Why then so nice, thus to defer our Joyes?
Each minute lost to Pleasure, is a Year.
Why standst Thou mute? Art to a Statue turn'd?

Lusc. I am so, Sr, at least in this respect;
No Statue's more immoveable, more deaf
To all Lascivious Courtship, than I am.
Therefore, henceforth forbear your hot addresses;
Or I'll become as much a Stranger to

Your Person, as I am unto your Lust,
Or as you are to Virtue.

Hor. Dearest Fool!
Dost think, I understand not this pretence
Of Coldness to proceed from meer Designe
To heighten my delight in thy Embraces?
Leave, Leave to practise this Arts Femal Art
On Me, who am too much thy Beauties Slave;
And whose Desires already flame so high,
They need not be fomented by Denyal,
But allayd rather by a free Enjoyment. ——
But, I'm too dull. Let Eunuchs waste their time,
In tedious Parleys: I will storm thy Fort. —— He offers to lay hands on her.

Fusc. HORTENSE, Stand off! Know, I am yet your Friend:
But, if you shall persist in your attempt,
To make me violate my Marriage Faith;
(Wch Heaven, I hope, will help me to preserve)
No Enemy shall hate you more than I;
Your very Sight will raise a Horror in me.

Hor. Art You in earnest, Madame?

Fusc. I protest
By Truth itself, I am.

Hor. Then I must tell you,
You are the most Ungratefull of your Sex. ——
Have not I raisd you from a dead, low Ebb
Of pinching Want, to base Obscurity,
To a high Flood of Wealth, to Honour too,
By my contrivement of your Marriage?

Fusc. You have been (I confess) an Instrument,
Yea, a grand one too, in my Promotion:
But,

But, will you therefore arrogate â right
Of making me â Slaue to your base Lust?
Of sinking me much lower than I was,
Euen to Hell itself?—Y'aue done an Act,
Wch. in itself is Good, & Charitable:
And will you overthrow the Good Y'aue done,
By persevering in your sinfull Aim?
Consult your Reason, HORTENSE, not your Passion;
And you will find, 'tis Gratitude in Me,
Not to degrade the Thing you haue advanc'd.

HOT. The Thing I challenge, Madame, is my Due.

THISB. That I deny. It is Another Mans;
My Husbands (&c.) to whom I haue given up
Myself, & all my Interest in Myself.

HOT. I plead â Precontract. For, did not You
Oblige yourself, by a most solemn Vow,
That ye same hour, that made you his Wife,
Should make you also my constant Mistris?
Those (I remember) were your very Words.

THISB. Indeed, they were.—But, if it be â Sin.
(As sure it is) to make Unlawfull Vows:
What must it be to Keep em? 'Tis too much,
That I offended by an ill Intent.
Shall I then dare to aggravate my Fault,
By putting that Intention into Act.
An Evil Purpose sometimes may arise
From simple Frailty, wch. is Veniall:
But, after due Deliberation,
To put the same in Practise; is â Crime,
That affronts Heaven, & openly defyes

That Divine Justice, wch doth not Connive
At brazen Impudence. Wherefore, forbear
To urge my Weakness, as an Argument
T'induce mee to embrace a greater Guilt.

Hor. Where lyes the Guilt, Madame? You cannot wrong
your Husband, by permitting mee to reap
That Fruit of Love, wch he can ne'r enjoy,
But (as he doth his Gold) in Hording it.
Age hath long since shrunk his loos Sinews up.

Tusc. Suppose, He cannot; yet you must needs allowe
Those Fruits, you mean, to grow upon a Ground,
That's His, & only His: & therefore ought
To be at his disposc, not Mine, nor Yours.

Hor. You may as truely say, the watchfull Dragons,
That keep th' Hesperian Orchard, have
A Title to the Golden Fruit, they guard,
Only because they watch it: as that He
Is Lord of your Delights, only because
Wedlock hath made Him Keeper of the Place.—
He that with active Courage, & close Art,
Can Steal Loves Sweets, hath the best Title to'em.

Tusc. Then (Sr.) if you can rob my Husbands Garden,
With such fine Cunning, as that neither He,
Nor I (who make one Person now, in Law)
Shall ere perceive your Theft: I give you leave,
To buy your Skill, & Luck.—But, take my word,
I'll have a care to keep the Door fast lockt.

Hor. If you Mock me, Madame! Are my Services
So vile & despicable, to deserve
No other Compensation, but Derision?

Tusc. Far be it from mee (Sr.) to undervalue
You, or your Merits. I am none of those

who

who can forget a timely Benefit.

Hor Not to Requite, is to forget a Good.

Fusc. And to Requite it in a vicious way,
Is to betray ye Author to his Ruine.
Content yourself with this, I am your Friend,
Too much, to nourish your impure Flame:
And if it be my Destiny to survive
My Husband (wch I must not, doe not wish)
Then both my Person, & the Wealth that Ile
Shall leave me, as ye Wages of my Faith,
Shall be at your dispose. I vow, they shall.

Hor You vow! Alas, what trust is in your vowes!
All Womens Vows are written in ye Sand,
And every Gust of Phansy blotts em out.
Nor can I love one, whom I have found False.
Your Perjury hath chang'd my Love to Hate,
Torn your deceitfull Image from my Heart,
And left it fill'd with Indignation,
Wch pricks it on to quick & sharp Revenge.
Wch I will not defer one minute Longer.
I'll in, & wake that dreaming Ajax, your Knight,
And undeceive him from his golden dream.
I'll let him Know, how infamous, how base,
How poor a Vermin hath, by Subtlety,
Crept up into his bosome, to undoe him:
I'll set you forth in such a Character,
Shall make him fly you, like infection.

Fusc. Can you be so inhuman, to destroy
Our mutual peace! So wicked, to divide
Those, whom ye Hand of Heaven hath conjoyn'd!

HOT. whom Avarice & Cunning haue conjoyn'd. He offers to go & she holds him & kneels.

LUSC. O! Do not make such hast, to do an Act,
W^ch our Religion strictly doth forbid;
On penalty of a most heavy Curse;
W^ch He to whom you do't, will hate you for;
And w^ch can bring no other fruit to you,
But foul Dishonour, & most sharp Remorse.
If not for My sake, for your own, forbear. She weeps.

HOT. Perfidious Woman! were thy Tears not feign'd,
Nay, were they dropps of Blood pumpt from thy Heart:
They could so little move me to relent,
Or change my purpose; that I should' rejoyce,
Triumph & think it part of my Revenge,
To see 'em flow, untill thy Eyes dropt out.
I am resolv'd; therefore, let go thy hold— He strikes off her hand.

LUSC. Hear me but one word more. If you will needs
Persever in your cruell resolution:
Yet be so mercifull, as to suspend
The Execution of it for this day.
HOT That were to lose my opportunity——— Exit.
LUSC. Rash, & Vindictive Man! Th'art gon to doe
The Devils work, to sow Division.
Enter VIOL.

Act V. Scen. III.

VIOLETTA. LUSCARA.

VIOL. Why in this posture, Madame! & in Tears!

FUSC. Ah! VIOLETTA, I am ner'a Ruine,
And cannot see, wch way I should prevent it.

VIOL. A Ruine, Madame on your wedding day?
That's somwhat strange. Your Fears, I hope I am false.

FUSC. No, no, too true. My danger is too plain.
That Satyr, HOTLOVE, hath bin importune;
To make me break my Matrimonial faith:
And, because I wished his assault,
He's gon to wake Sr RALPH with the sad news
Of the whole Plott, by wch he's bin deceivd.

VIOL. Is't possible, he can be so inhuman?——
Well! But suppose, he tell him all he knowes,
Nay, all he can invent, to your Disgrace:
Can that amount unto your Ruine, think you?
You could not keep Sr RALPH in ignorance
Of his Delusion, longer than this day:
And now you have him fast in th' iron chains
Of Wedlock; tis too late for him to struggle.
You did expect a Storm, whence the Miser
Should come to understand your Poverty!

FUSC. I did so, Wench; & had contrivd a way
To make it much less dangerous, than now
Tis like to be.—But, I lose time.—Make haste,
And fetch the Virtuous TIMWELL hither straight.
His sage Advice, & Intercession
May calm this Tempest, that hanas on my Head.

VIOL. Pish; fear it not. There is no Thunder in't.—Exit VIOLETTA.

FUSC. I dare not yet endure the first Brunt,
Without some shelter. Therefore, I'll conceal

Myself behind this Hanging, to observe ——
Alas. Hee comes with Lightning in his Eyes.

Exit FUSCARA, & hides herself behind y^e Tapistry.

Enter Sr. RALPH & HOTLOVE.

Act. v. Scen. iv.

Sr. RALPH. HOTLOVE.

Sr RA. This sounds like a Romance.
HOT. But is most true.
Now, if you joyn this story of her Life,
To what on my own Knowledg you have heard
From me within: you may be soon confirm'd,
That, by this foolish act, y'have made yourself
At once, so extreamly Ridiculous,
As to exclude the Pitty of your Friends;
So highly Wretched, as Anticipate
The greatest Curses of your Enemies.
Sr. R. I am amaz'd! — But stay. — Why Mr. Hotlove!
When I came in, this morn, to visit her;
I found her giving orders about Debts,
Very great Summs, some due from Merchants here,
Others from the Bank of Amsterdam,
All w^ch I wrote down in my Tablet-book.
HOT. A trick! a trick! 'Twas meer Imposture, that.
A gilded Bait to take your Avarice.
I know't too well. For, I contriv'd the Plott. aside.

Sr. RA. Thin am I cheated, cozend, lost, undone!
Betrayd to Lasting Misery, & Shame!
Ah! what a witched, wretched Man am I!
Where shall fly, to hide this cursed Head,
This foolish Head! This Head, that hath no Brains!
Have I lived to these years, to be at last
Chous'd by a Wench, & her Confederates!
A very Wench, & (what is worse) a Beggar!
O, o, o!

HOT. Those Exclamations,
And dismal notes are Musick to my Soul. aside.

Sr RA. Woe, woe is me! Alas! I shall become
A Theam of Laughter for the Multitude;
The common talk of Drunkards, Whoors, & Bawds.
Boys will hoot at me, as I walk the Streets;
And Ballad-mongers sing my Tragedy,
In my own hearing ——— Curse'd be the day,
Wherein you told me first of the Dutch Lady!

HOT. I told you thin what I had heard from Fame;
Nay, what I did so little doubt of, that
(As you will know) I form'd a Design,
To court her for a Wife. But you were pleas'd
To be so overwise, as to supplant me.
And now you see the fruits of Treachery.

Sr. RA. I do, I do. My Guerdon is my Shame!
But am I lost beyond recovery? He studies.

HOT. Now is the time, to perfect my Revenge
On that Vow-breaker. Touch, Sr. RALPH, I think,
Your Marriage is in Law, indissoluble;
And gives her â' clear Right to Alimony:

Sr. RA. (Oh! that word, Alimony, wounds my Soul!)
HOT. But, for your Honour, (wch is much more dear)
there is a way Left yet, to prserue that.
Sr. RA. O! speak it quickly, & I will pursue't.
HOT. In short, tis this; now to Cohabite with her.
Abjure her Bed, that saues your Reputation.
Sr. RA. I apprehend you, & will doe't this minute — He kneels, & holds up his hands
if I doe find this woman, I haue married,
To bi, as you inform me, of no Fortune;
I make a Solemn Vow. Enter TUSCA. & kneels before him.
TUSC. For Heavens sake, hold!
Be not so rash, & desperate; dear Sr. RALPH!
Sr. RA. Perfidi, bigon; & interrupt me not.
out of my Light. I make a solemn Vow.
TUSC. Forbear, one moment; doe but hear me speak.
You will destroy your Soul. HOTLOVE's a Villain.
And would debauch me.
Sr. RA Leman, bigon. I make a solemn Vow.
TUSC. Good Heaven be deaf.
Sr. RA. I make a solemn Vow,
Never to know her Carnally. TUSC. Ay me! they rise.
HOT. This, this is true delight. The joys of Love, aside.
Compar'd to those of sweet Revenge, are dreams.
Now, Lady, I am even with you. So Farewell. Exit HOT.
TUSC. Goe, wicked Man; thou hast undone us both. she weeps.

Enter AIMWELL, JOLLY, WITHERNAM, BEZAR, VIOLETTA

Act. V. Scen. V.

Enter Piscara. Aimwell, Sr. Raph.
Witherham, Jolly, Bezar, Hostess,
& Violetta.

Fusc. Welcom, good Sr. although you come too Late.
Aim. Too Late? For what?
Fusc. O! to prevent my ruine!
Aim. I apprehend you not. Fusc. Hark in your ear. this and aside, & whispir.
Sr. Ra. Nay, take your Daughter to you, for good & all.
Jol. What means this sudden Alteration?
Bez. Why, how now Man of Min? What ala mort?
Hath Hymen chang'd his Saffron Robe to Sable?
Are you Contristate ante Cœlum?
With. Good Uncle, whats y^e Matter? In Mortmaine?
Sr. Ra. Ah, Cousin. I am cozend with a Vengance.
Drawn in, & cheated by these Varlits here;
Married to a Wench not worth her Smock.
Jol. Yare misinformd, Sr. Raph, your Ladie's Rich.
Sr. Ra. Rich, say you? Rich?
Jol. Yes, infinitely Rich
Sr Ra. If she be so, my Vow is clearly void. aside.
Good Sr. deal freely with me; whats her Fortune?
Jol As fair, as yours. Sr. Ra. Then I ask your pardon.
But, wherein chiefly doth her wealth consist?

In Lands, or Money?

Jol. To speak truth, in neither:
But she hath Jewels, Sr. aside.

Sr. RA. That's some comfort yet;
For, Jewels are as good as ready Money.
Good'sooth, now I remember, I did spy
One very fair Jewel, at her Breast.
I may presume th'are Pearl & Diamonds?

Jol. Ye, Sr. Alas! these are but trifles to em.
She hath three Jewels, each of wch is worth
More than your whole Estate. The First is Youth,
Wch money cannot buy. Sr. RA. Alack! Alack!
The Second is an Admirable Beauty,
More fresh, & orient than Aurora's is,
Sweet as a new-blown Rose. Sr. RA. Alack! Alack!
I am abus'd, deridd, scorn'd!

Jol. The Last,
(Whose value doth excell the other two,
As far as Heav'n surmounts this globe of Earth)
Is Virtue.

Sr. RA Woe is me! what's Virtue worth?

Jol. This, Sr, a Celestial Carbuncle,
That makes the wearer shine in the dark
Of want, disbuts, & Persecution. ——
And is the Woman that possesseth these
Not worth her Smock?

Sr. RA. Would you had kept her, Sr. with all these Jewels.

Jol. I kept her? She was never mine to keep.

Sr. RA. But she was yours to use, & then put off.
Did not you bring her from the Indies? pray.

Jol. What envious tongue hath told him that? suppose,

I did.

Sr. RA. Nay, then the rest I heard is true.
And had you none to cheat with your stale Wench,
But mi?

JOL. If you are cozend, thank yourself.
Remember, Sr. that you, this morn, proclaimd,
Before us all, y^t. no man but yourself,
Had y^e least finger in making the Match. —
That hath acquitted mi: Bez. so mi likewise.

Sr. RA. Ay mi! undone, Undone. — What would I give,
To free myself from this shamefull Trepan!

WITH. Now is the time for Mi, to act my part. — aside.
Uncle, take comfort; & hear mi a word.
You cannot forget, with what hard measure (not
To say worse) you usd mi, in my Mortgage;
Of wch. you took the cruel Forfeiture,
Because I was not able to redeem
The Lands I had engagd, just at the day:
And from that time (now seven years agoe)
You have enjoyd my whole Inheritance,
Four hundrd pounds a year; although my Debt
To you exceedd not five hundrd pounds. —

Sr. RA. I did no more than what y^e Law doth warrant.
But, what makes you revive that old matter?

WITH. Natures own Law, Self-preservation. —
Now, Sr. If I, at this most desperate pinch,
Shew you a way, not only to annull
Your Marriage, but preserve your Honour too:
Will you in Gratitude restore my Lands? —

the Proposition's not unreasonable.

Sr. Ra. Goodsooth, I will. And as good luck would haue it,
I haue your Mortgage in my pocket here. he pulls forth a parchment.
On that Condition, I oblige myself,
Before these Friends of yours, to resign it.
Bear witness, Sirs. Bez. we doe. Jol. we doe.

Wits. Jm sorry, Madame, any man, who bears
The face & title of a Gentleman,
Should doe so base an act. But, despair not;
These Clouds (I hope) will soon be over-blown.
Let us try, to mollify your Knight. Ain. & Thisc. joyn with ye wit.

Wits. Know then, Sr Ralph, this Lady that stands here,
Was, about two years since espousd, & marrid,
With all due Rites to a yong Gentleman,
Who at this hour is living in this Town;
Though parted from her, for what cause I know not.
Her Marriage unto you is, therefore, void,
Void ipso facto, by the Civil Law. ——

This. And are you too become my Adversary?
Wits. Your pardon, Madame. —— Tis my Interest. —
Ain. This is a Riddle!
Bez. Beyond my Solution!
Jol. Haue patience. 'twill expound itself.
Wits. What I haue said, I'm ready to averre.
'Tis not an hour since first I came to know
This secret of her former Marriage,
By free Confession of the Priest himself
Who joynd their hands; & if occasion be,
Will make a Side-Bar oth in Court.

JOL. He shall not need do that. The Lady is
So Candid & Ingenuous to confess it.

WISE. 'Twas my hard Fate & I must not deny it.

AIM. You did not well, Lady, to keep that part — He seems offended.
Of your Misadventures hid from me.

WISE. I thought it not worthy your knowledge, Sr.

Sr. RA. The Case is plain. Her own Confession
Releases me from any claim of Marriage. ——
And now I'm free, methinks I am grown young,
And light, for joy. I could leap o're the house.
Nor dot I feel the ground I stand upon.
This was a happy, a most happy Turn
Of Fortunes wheel. —— And my dear Cousin FRANCK,
Thou hast been my Redeemer. —— There, my Boy, — Gives him y Parchment.
There is thy Mortgage. Take it franck & free,
And when thou dost want Money, come to Me.

WISE. But pawn no Land for your Security.
I'll lye in Prison first.

Sr. RA. I am in Heaven!
I cannot speak my joy!

JOL. Sr. I have heard
Physicians say, of all our Passions
None is so dangerous, as too-great Joy.
Wch often is the Cause of suddain Death:
And that it may not work that sad Effect
On your weak Spirits, by dispersing them;
I shall take leave, to give yours an Allay.

Sr. RA. O Sr. you were a Counsellor, this morn, — He insults for joy.
To your Lady Errant, then; & now
You would be mine too. —— Thank you for your Love.

Jol. Knight, you triumph before y^e Victory.
For, know, brave Sr that though this Lady bright
Was married to a Gentleman yet living:
Yet notwithstanding she is not his Wife,
But yours.

Sr Ra. Mine? Thats a good jest, Goodsooth. Ha, ha, ha.

Jol. So good a jest, will make you change your Tune.
Our Law (you know) forbids Polygamie.
If therefore, any Man, who hath a Wife
Yet living, makes a Matrimonial Contract
With another woman; the Law declares
The former Contract valid; but y^e Latter
Void ipso facto, & of no effect. ——
The Reason is, because the Man was not
(As the Civilians speak) Compos pacti,
Or Sui juris, at his own disposc;
Having transferr'd his interest in Himself
Upon Another, by precedent Compact.
Is not this true?

Sr Ra. Goodsooth, I think it is.

Sir Ma. I do: Expect another Turn yet.

Jol. Then are we safe. — For, this is our Case. —
This Lady was unhappily betrayd,
To make herself (as she believd) y^e Wife
Of an Unworthy Man, whose former Wife
Was then, & is unto this day, alive.
Wherefore, his second Marriage being Null,
She was at freedom to dispose Herself:
And her Contract with you, Sr Rapt, is good,
And not to be dissolvd, unless by Death. ——

Bee. By Jove, a pleasant Revolution!

Lim. What Strange Intrigues this Woman hath run through! aside.
Her Life would make an Excellent Romance.

Lt. If you are not convinc'd, Pray, read this Paper,
Wch doth contain ye Final Sentence of
The Learnd Judges in ye Court of Arches,
Pronounc'd upon full hearing of her Case. ——
I did expect this Rubb, & therefore came
Provided to remove it. —How d'you now?

Sr. Rt. It is too plain. I am most Miserable.

Wilm. This their Rejoynder hath destroyd our Plea;
And is a clear Defeasance of our Hopes.
There is no Remedy, but Patience. —
I'm very sorry, Uncle, 'tis as 'tis.

Sr. Rt. Since it is so, Cousin, you'll be so just,
As to give back the Mortgage; ye Condition
Requird on your part, being not performd.

Wilm. Justice, like Charity, begins at home;
I shall, therefore, be just unto Myself,
In keeping my Estate, that Fortune hath
Restord, above my Expectation.

Sr. Rt. Alack! Alack! I'm Cheated on all hands.

Wilm. Where lyes the Cheat on my part? For your Debt,
wch was at first only Five hundrd pounds,
You have rec'd Four hundrd pounds a year,
For seven years together. There's the Cheat.

Sr. Rt. I am Despaird, as by a Kinsman too,
By my own Flesh & Blood, on whom I lov'd!

Wilm. I was Despair'd as by an Uncle too,
By my own Flesh, & Blood, one whom I trusted!

Sr. RA. D'you mock me?

Virt. only Echo your Complaints,
Your foolish, fruitless, & unjust Complaints.

Arm. If I may be a Judge; in Equity
You, Sr. Ralph, have no reason to complain
But rather to make Restitution
of what you have receiv'd above your Due.
And, for your Wife, your fair, & Lawfull Wife;
Although she be not Rich, as you believ'd;
In Fortunes Gifts: the Laws of God & Man
Command you to receive, & cherish her,
With as much tenderness, as your own life

Jol. There's no Evasion. Therefore, Knight, be wise,
And make a Virtue of Necessity.

Lucy. Remember, how you swore, before us all,
You lov'd your Lady merely for her Person;
And as for Fortune, you did trust each other;
That if you knew, she were not worth a groat,
Yet'd marry her, & think yourself most happy.
These were your words; we all must witness 'em.
Besides, it was the work of Destiny, you know.

Jul. I must submitt unto my Destiny.
Sr. Ral. Pray, give me leave to think awhile.

Virt. Madame, Chear up; your Knight will come about.

Sr. Ral. If I live with her, all the world will say,
I am insensible of Injury:
If not, I must allow her Alimony,
Two, or three hundred pounds a year, at least.
Now of these Evils would I choose the least. ——
But, wch is Least. —— Dishonour is but Aire,
An Evil grounded on Opinion,

And if combin'd, most easily overcome. aside.
But Money is a Real, Solid good;
And parting with an ample Summe
Of such a Good must be (by consequence)
A Real Evil. Therefore, I'll choose the First,
And keep her with me at y^e least Expence. ——
But then my Vow! How shall I keep my Vow?
Why now I think well of't, I cannot break it:
For, Age hath long since made me Impotent,
As to the Carnal Knowledge of a Woman. —— I
I am resolv'd. —— Lady mine, come hither.
Since 'tis our Destiny to live together,
Let's make the best we can of a bad Bargain.

Jusc. I never shall account my Bargain bad,
Unless because you are not pleas'd with it.

Sr. Rt. First we will have an Act of Amnesty,
Or clear Oblivion of all Errors past,
On both sides; as a ground of future Love.

Jusc. I have most Reason to desire that.

Sr. Rt. Then, be to me a faithfull, loving Wife,
Tender of both my Person, & my Honour;
And you shall find, I'll be a Father t'you.
I would I could say, a Husband. I aside.

Jusc. I hope, Sr. I shall be so punctual
In all the duties of a Virtuous Wife;
As to deserve the Emulation
Of all Chast Matrons, that observe my Life.

Sir. I have great Reason, to be confident.
She will do so. Nay, I dare promise it.

Sr. RA. You need not, Sr.; her own word is enough.
And so I bid her welcom to my Heart.
Good troth I doe.... *He kisses & embraces her.*

Jun. I wish, this Reconciliation,
As 'tis your first, so it may be your Last.

Jol. May you have no dispute, unless it be,
Wch of you loves with most sincerity.

Nich. May all your Fears prove false; & Your Hopes true:
Untill I mortgage my Estate anew.

Bez. May the Brides Charms the Brid-groom unbewitch;
And give him vigour equal to his Itch.

Ariel. And, when he dies, O! may he leave her Rich.

After the dance; exeunt omnes, except Hotlove & Juscara.

Hotlove having adressing himself in an humble & submissive mien to Juscara, & kissing her hand with reverence, speaks thus. *

*.

HOTLOVE. To You, Madame, Sr Ralph is reconcil'd;
Be You too so to me, who, Be assur'd,
Am now become Your Virtues Proselyte.
Your chast repuls of my Licentious flame
Hath quite extinguish'd it: & I am grown
More truely Yours, by being more my own.
By self-denial, I at once obey
Oy[illegible] example I have learn'd the art
To calm my Passion, & refine my heart.
Instead of Bulls & Goats I used to bring
(To sensual Love a grateful offering)
Henceforth I'll on Your altars burn sweet-spice,
And fragrant gummes, in purer sacrifice.
This will Your Honor, & my Faith secure,
And make our secret Kindness still endure.
Lamps give light longest, where the air is calm:
And Virtue onely Friendship can embalm.

JUSCARA. If what You now so solemnly profess,
Comes from Your Soul convict & penitent;
I can forgive all your offenses past,
And wish Your promis'd Amity may last.

Exeunt ambo divers wayes.

Finis.

Spoken by JOLLY as y^e^ DUTCH LADY.

Madame, although your Supper for you stay,
At Captain STUMS; yet, ere you go away,
'Tis fit, you to y^e^ Ladies make addresse,
To beg their Wishes for your Happiness.
One gracious Smile from Them with more delight,
Than twenty thousand from your feeble Knights.
For they their Kind or Unkind voices shall giue,
You shall in Honour, or Discredit liue.

They are (in truth) y^e^ Destinies, from whom
The poor DUTCH LADY must expect her Doom. ——— She turns to y^e^ Ladies.
Ladies, by Natures Bounty, you enjoy
A twofold Right, to saue, or to destroy.
Your Beauty keeps y^e^ rougher Sex in awe,
And makes Men take your Pleasure for their Law.
Your Other Excellence lies in your Witt,
To whose Discerning Quickness all submitt.
'Tis Reason, then, I own what is your Due,
And put myself, for Censure, upon You.
When You are pleas'd, at Errors to connive,
'Tis a rude breach of your Prerogative,
For Men to be Severe. ——— Then speak my Fate:
Your Right is Me together Vindicate.

Exeunt Omnes.

M. S. Comedy

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The Dutch Lady